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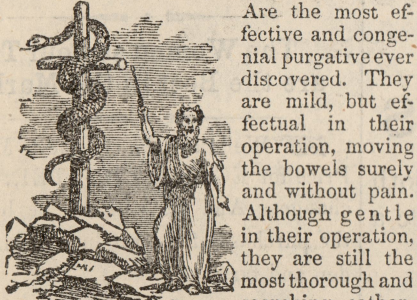
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National Infidelity.

Extract from a sermon preached by the Rev. J. M. Richmond, Sept. 22, 1878:

Again we look abroad upon our nation at large; we are considered a Christian people; we acknowledge God as the great ruler; our laws are supposed to be based upon divine law, and the dangers which threaten the government and the peace and prosperity of our land do not arise from any dissension on the part of the people from these general principles. The theme of these Psalms, "The Lord reigneth," which was no doubt caught up as a national anthem by all Israel, is very like the theme of our own national anthem,

"God save our Native Land."

Thus theoretically, we as a people acknowledge that "The Lord reigneth." The dangers, I apprehend, which threaten us, arise chiefly from our failure to carry out in practice what we profess in theory; they arise from the practical infidelity of our people. We say "God save our land," but the authority and will of God are to a great extent disregarded. Men are willing to acknowledge God and yet when called to important trusts serve themselves. Men acknowledge the justice of divine law and when called to act under the divine ruler for the good of the nation, make a difference between moral rightness and political rightness, and between moral honesty and political honesty. I make no charges against any party or individual. I am pointing out the tendencies and dangers of our nation, and the need of making the everywhere acknowledged truth that "The Lord reigneth" a living, active, controlling principle in our national affairs. I wish that these words might be preached in every city and town and village, in every chapel and school house in the land, rung out from every belfry, shouted from every steam whistle, borne upon every banner, written upon every polling book that every professing Christian at least might pause and read and consider, "The Lord reigneth." Failing that, let all within the reach of my voice, who may be called to exercise the rights of citizenship in honesty, faithfulness and prayerfulness seek to maintain their loyalty to Him who sitteth upon the throne, around which righteousness and judgment have their habitation. For "righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

October Magazines.

Appleton's Journal for October opens with the first installment of an illustrated paper upon "The Multitudinous Seas," by S. G. W. Benjamin, wherein is given a most readable description of various phenomena of color and temperature, as well as of different marine monsters to be found in waters near and distant. The writer's artistic sense of color gives a reality to his descriptions of arctic sunsets and southern moonrises, and various entertaining experiences are narrated. "A Motley University" gives an amusing picture of the two Scottish colleges (now united) in the city of Aberdeen, and the quaint habits of the students. The writer gives the fact that while they have not the social advantages of the English students, their educational advantages as regards the study of the human mind and character are greater. The reader wishing to pursue his Scottish investigations, will find himself interested and touched by the story of "Margaret Sinclair's Silent Money," which is written easily and with sympathy. Other short stories of the number are "The Swan stream Match," and the conclusion of "A Leap Year Romance." English and American housekeeping are compared, much to the advantage of the latter, and Christian Reid gives five chapters of "The Hidden Treasure," to be concluded next month. A paper of French Memoirs by Junius Henri Browne, is offset by a chapter of "Consolation for the Nervous." The best poetry of the number is found in "The King's Kiss," and "To Certain Biographers" by Constance Fenimore Woolson.

A timely contribution in these days of overturning, is the opening article in the October Atlantic, dealing with "Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American Life." The discordant and turbulent element which surges to and fro in the seas of politics, religion, and morals, and the ways and means to calm this element, and not alone to calm, but to make it available as a power, are ably discussed. The writer proposes to effect this elevation through the medium of an inexpensive, honest, practical press, in the form of both newspapers and books, which shall treat of all leading subjects simply and clearly, and be put into the hands of every workingman. Further, while sincerity and knowledge on the part of religious leaders is urged, and a practical religion which will "hold us strenuously to the work of making this country a clean, orderly and wholesome dwelling place, school and home," the responsibility of such teaching is laid upon people of wealth and culture, and not alone upon clergymen. It is further remarked that since the franchise is not likely to be narrowed at present, we must make the best of the great burden of our universal suffrage, and make all our relations with neighbors and fellow citizens, orderly, beneficent and just. We commend this article to the further knowledge of all our readers since it is now especially significant to them all. Under

the same distantly general head might come a paper by Brooks Adams on the "Abuse of Taxation" which deprecates the present system of taxes as pursued in the city of Boston, where the people are seemingly put under a great and needless strain merely to secure an excess of revenue.

"The Relation of Labor and Capital" is an exhaustive discussion of the question, under the several heads of the various manufactures, and closing with a balancing of the benefits and disadvantages of the competitive system. The Atlantic however, is not wholly given over to weighty subjects; it has its usual proportion of fiction, in the apparent conclusion of "The European," which gives one the impression that Mr. James has found his characters too tiresome to sustain them longer, and so summarily extinguishes them all under the *douche* of "married and lived happily ever after."

We confess however to a desire to know what ultimately became of the baroness. In "The Parson's Horse Race," Mrs. Stowe gives another of her Oldtown pictures of New England life, and in connection with this we cannot fail to notice the review (presumably Mr. Howells') of "Paganuc People," which review seems to us most thoroughly in sympathy with Mrs. Stowe's novel, if indeed it may be called a novel. Mr. Scudder concludes his "House of Entertainment" which having served its purpose of bringing together the Shaker maiden and the partial hermit, is allowed to go to pieces. The indistinct half light, and the gentle hand with which the writer treats his personages was never more plainly seen than in this quietly ended tale. The first installment of a narrative of the well known Brook Farm Association is pleasantly and anonymously given, and Richard Grant White offers some (so-called) heterodoxy upon "The Meaning of Music." "History" gives inspiration for a long poem by R. H. Stoddard. J. W. De Forest has a page of "Quatrains;" Augusta Larned, Elizabeth H. Fenn, and T. R. Bacon could contribute poems.

Blackwood's Magazine for September will be welcomed by all lovers of German poetry and more directly by all lovers of Heine, from whose writings there are numerous selections translated by Theodore Martin. Many of them are those already made familiar by other translators, as "The Rose, the Lily, the Sun" etc., and "The Carpenter;" others again are less well known. Perhaps of them all Mr. Martin best gives the spirit of "From the old Stories," the rendering of which is singularly happy. We give the following, which is also one of the best:

The azure eyes of spring-time
Look up from the grass; and they
Are the violets I have chosen
As a chaplet for my dear May.

I gather them, thinking, thinking,
And all the thoughts that crowd
On my heart and set it sighing,
The nightingale sings aloud.

Yes, all I think she sings out
In loud and piercing tone;
So is my tenderest thought,
To all the world unknown.

A translation from the Italian of Leopardi "The Song of the Night," makes up the poetry of the number. One of the two serials "Gordon Baldwin" is concluded, and the sixth part of "John Caldwell" given, as also the third of a series of papers upon French Home Life, in which "The Idea of Home" is the prevailing topic. French and English Homes are contrasted, and a pleasant picture of family life given. Two narratives of travel are given; the one being an account of Cyprus, from the journal notes of Lady Franklin, taken during the years of 1831-33, her husband being at that time in command of the English ship Rainbow, in the Mediterranean. They are entertainingly written, and especially interesting from the pen of one who has since become so well known through a saddened life. "A Fetish City" has an amusing and often exciting account of the Kaffir country and diamond seeking. The remaining articles are "Lord Harrington's Resolutions," a political paper, and a "Review of the Session." (Reprinted by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York.)

The children have their usual treat in the October Wide Awake, and the Nursery for the same month. One of the most attractive things in the first named is, "Phronie Pepper's New Shoes" which is also charmingly illustrated. To the more thoughtful ones "The Secret of the Trees" will be full of pleasant suggestions for the active brains. "Doc and her Knights" go prosperously on their way, and "Trying to be True," advances towards its seventh chapter. Little Miss Muslin's misfortunes with a new kind of swing are graphically detailed with the usual bright illustrations, and the rest of the space is filled with abundance of pleasure for all sizes of boys and girls.

The Nursery gives a full page illustration to precede its opening story of "Our Chowder Party" which is followed by a poem on the rain by Ida Fay, also illustrated. Marian Douglass also has a poem about "The Hornet's Nest," and "Sundown" winds up the day pleasantly. "What the Elephant can do" and "Butterfly Hunting" give some useful facts in Natural History in a readable form, and "Grandma Sunbeam" will bring happy reminders to many. Curuselmann's music set to a little "Cradle Song" concludes a very delightful number, and a still better one is promised for next month.

A RUSSIAN FABLE.

Alon to a squirrel said:
"Work faithfully for me,
And when your task is done, my friend,
Few, and you shall be
With barrel-full of finest nuts, fresh from
My own nut-tree."
"My lion king," the squirrel said, "to this
I do agree."

The squirrel toiled both day and night,
Quite faithful to his hire;
So hungry and so faint, sometimes,
He thought he must expire.
But still he kept his courage up, and tugged
With night and main,
"How nice the nuts will taste," he thought,
"When I my barrel gain!"

At last, when he was nearly dead,
And thin and old and gray,
Quoth lion: "There's no more hard work
You're at to do. I'll pay."
A barrel-full of nuts he gave—ripe, rich
And big; but oh!
The squirrel's tears ran down his cheeks;
He'd lost his teeth, you know.

HUCKLEBERRYING.

BY GLANCE YALLOD.

Sue and I were in the wagon, and Mr. Wain was crashing among the huckleberry bushes after one more bough for Sue—she always had to have the largest and blackest for her mouth; and just then the sun came out from the great cloud it had been under for an hour or two, gilding everything; but most of all I noticed him, and I remember thinking that he was the best and handsomest man I ever saw. And just as though she had read my thoughts, Sue put her black lips up to my ear, and whispered, "Isn't he handsome?" though she couldn't have known I thought so, for she'd been too busy filling her mouth with the jetty berries. But after I knew she thought that, something made me watch them, and I couldn't but notice what a smile she gave him as he made his way back through the fern and scraggy huckleberries—a smile such as Sue gave no one else. And I was thinking of this so much that I forgot all about the sweet-fern mother had sent for, till we had jolted half-way down the mountain-side, and were in the grassy lane where the cows go to and from pasture, and then it was too late. And here, just on the brow of the hill, Mr. Wain stopped Old Doctor, (father named his horse after old Doctor Riggs, down in East-Medway,) that we might look at one of the sweetest sunsets I ever saw. I had never seen any thing so beautiful, I thought. Mr. Wain said it was equal to Italy, and he knew; and we sat looking at it without saying a word for a long, long time. Up and down the valley for miles and miles we could see the mountains lying flushed and warm, and glowing all over with the softest and richest colors—some of them just the shade of the opal in mother's old brooch—trembling all over with little flashes of purple and lilac that lay in the mountain hollows, and some so blue and far off that they seemed just ready to tremble into smoke-wreaths and float upward. When we had gazed at it a long time, and there seemed no end to the hues that came and went and brightened and grew faint, Mr. Wain chirruped to Old Doctor, and we turned our eyes away to the valley below us, where the lowing of the cows came faintly up as they plodded homeward, and there were all the sights and sounds which evening brings. And as we rolled smoothly down the green lane, he drew a great breath, and said: "This is glorious! the city is nothing beside it. Here is Arcadia, and one's days may flow on as calm as some smooth river, happy with content, joyfilled, knowing no lack of peace, and brimming with such loveliness as we may find nowhere else besides. Oh! but I wish I could spend a half-century here and never tire of it!"

"I'm sure I wish you would!" Said Sue innocently enough, without looking up from her huckleberries. Somehow Sue always would say such things; and if you chided her a bit, she would open her great eyes, and ask, "What have I said?" Mr. Wain smiled a little, cracked his whip over Doctor's head, and said, "I wonder if Miss Maria thinks so?"

"Maria" was I. Mother believed in naming children old-fashioned names, and so we two had Maria and Susan fastened upon us, though Susan had shortened into Sue; but my name people let alone, without it was my father, who called me "Ria" sometimes. I didn't answer Mr. Wain's question, partly because it was addressed to Sue more than to me, and partly because I didn't wish to. But her tongue was silent for once, and we jogged along through the daisies and dry clover in silence—Sue munching her huckleberries, I picking the dry sticks and leaves out of my basket of jetty fruit—for to my eyes ill-picked huckleberries are every whit as bad to look at as rusty mourning; and Mr. Wain drinking in all the beauty of the hills and meadows that the lovely twilight settled so slowly on. I forgot to tell you that he was an artist, but you might have guessed that, perhaps, if you had seen him. He had what Sue called "hungry eyes," and maybe she was not far from right, for they seemed to take in every thing that we passed—all the flecks of colored cloud; blue-green shadows slanting across our path from the old butter-nuts in the tumble-down wall; the very lichen-grown boulders along the way; the richness of the bog-marshes—all one wave of emerald grass lapping the meadow edges; more than our eyes saw or noted, he found along the homely lanes and by-roads, and spent upon his canvas, till the veriest dolt on the farm might tell where he found his sunsets and caught his twilight glows.

After Old Doctor had brought us down from the hills on to the turnpike, and the mists began to sail along the brook-side in long sinuous trails, and the twilight was getting thick and dusk, Mr. Wain suddenly came out of his reverie, and, with one of his smiles, brought out his shawl from under the seat where he had stowed it in case there should be a shower, and wrapped it around Sue as tenderly and carefully as though she were but six years old, and she sat there—her baby face as demure as one could imagine. And when he had wrapped it to suit him, he turned to me, and said he couldn't but

notice that I had no shawl or cape. "Miss Maria is never cold, I believe," And I answered bitterly enough, "No!" though I was shivering, for I could see it mattered little to him whether I was or not. And as we rode along the darkening way under the maples, where there were glimpses of the gold mist of stars overhead, I grew more and more miserable with thinking of the two beside me, till I was glad enough to see the lights at home come dancing out, and to hear father say as we came up to the gate, "Whoa, Doctor! a purty time o' night, girls!" Then he and Mr. Wain went off to the barn, and we went in—She like an Esquimaux in her great wrap; and mother met us at the door with her half-shawl over her head, and her candle flaring, with "Why, girls, how late 'tis! Marior, where's my sweet fern?" And as she felt my wet shoulders, "Child of mortality! you're wet to the skin with dew! Susan," as she pulled her into the kitchen, "why on 'arth, didn't you give Mariar part o' your shawl?"

"She wasn't cold, she said," said Sue, nodding, and sure enough she was asleep in five minutes in mother's big chair, without taking off sun-bonnet or Mr. Wain's great shawl. When the men came in from the barn to supper, Mr. Wain stopped to look at the pretty picture she made in the great arm-chair, with the fire-glow touching her face and hands, and the sun-bonnet half off; he had an artist's eye, you know, for everything pretty. And just then mother came into the room, and, as if something flashed into her mind that had never been there before, she went up to Sue, and, shaking her, said sharply: "Susan, what a girl! get up, and go to bed this minute. And then, for the first time, seeing whose shawl it was, she tore it off, and tossed it to its owner, and hurried Sue away, pouting and sleepy. Such things never disturbed Mr. Wain at all. He sat down at the supper-table, smiling and pleasant, and laughed and talked with a pat he was in the best of humor, and declared that there was nobody like Mr. Wain for a story this side of the sea; which was true enough, perhaps, for he could do anything that he made up his mind to. But I was so bitter and miserable that his fine talk sounded poorly enough, and I went off to bed as soon as we had done up the dishes.

Though we were up with the birds the next morning—mother wouldn't have sluggards about her, I can tell you—Mr. Wain had been gone a long time with his sketch-book, to catch some of the morning lights and shadows, and did not make his appearance till long after the heats of the day had come. He was flushed and hot, and sat down in the cool back-door, while Sue left the berries she was picking over to run after a glass of water. Mother and I were making pies, and as I took up a platter to trim off the upper crust, I cast a glance at her, and, sure enough, her forehead was wrinkled up into a frown, and I knew in a moment 'twas because of Sue and Mr. Wain; for when Susan took a fancy to anybody, she was too innocent and baby-like to ever keep it to herself. And when she came back with the dripping glass and the cool drops sparkling like great diamonds on her pretty fingers, mother spoke out sharply: "Susan Hale, tend to your work, and don't you leave it another minute! Mariar is out of berries this minute 'cause of your idle fingers!"

Sue blushed at mother's words, and looked all the prettier, and Mr. Wain said, as grave as old Parson White himself, "Thank you, Sue; I'll help keep Maria's platter full." And I was glad he did, for it kept me so busy that I had no time to look at them in the door, though I knew well enough the pleasant chat they were having, and how Sue lingered over his words and forgot her berries, leaving him to fill my platters. But, when we were nearly through with pie-making, Mr. Wain spoke out: "There, Mrs. Hale, I came near forgetting what I was to say to you. Can you make room for another boarder—a friend of mine that's coming up from the city to-morrow? He won't ask for anything extra, you know—a bed, and plenty of berries and milk."

"That's mostly the way with men; when they're asking a favor, they appear to be the most docile and easy accommodated creatures in the world; but take them at their word and give them no more than they ask, and you'll presently find your mistake. So I suppose mother knew that this was but a figure of speech, for she didn't promise; 'she must see father,' she said, 'and there were so many farm-hands to cook for, and all that; but he should know too-night.'"

I knew mother was not over pleased with the idea of having another to cook for through the hot weather; but it would be just as father said, and Mr. Wain could wind him round his little finger, if he chose, with his pleasant ways and words. So, when Sue came bounding up-stairs after dusk to tell me that Mr. Everett was coming to-morrow, I wasn't at all surprised.

Mother came up into our room by and by, tired out with the heat and work, and throwing herself down on the foot of the bed, sighed out, "O calamity!" That was mother's word when she was out of patience.

"What's the matter, ma?" said Sue from her seat in the window, asking an unlucky question.

"Matter enough," said mother, "and a great deal more than there'd need to be if you behaved yourself, Susan Hale!"

"Now, what have I done?" said Sue, pouting.

"A sight," said mother, sitting bolt upright; "carrying on in this way and a-leaving Mariar and me to do the work. You wouldn't do it if you were a dutiful daughter, Susan Hale!"

Sue began to cry, and mother went on getting warmer and warmer, till she began to blame *him*. I don't know how other girls' hearts serve them when they hear the man they love spoken against, but somehow mine began to give great quick throbs as though it would choke me. I leaned out to look at the star-mist shining through the maples; I tried to stop my ears to it all, and hear only the whip-poor-will making his doleful music down in the orchard; but it was

no use, I heard it all, and out it came in spite of me: "Stop! don't say that, mother. It isn't true, and I won't hear it!" And with that she was so astonished that she stopped short, and, holding me off by the arm, looked at me as though she would read my very heart; and some inkling of the truth she did catch, for she pushed me away, saying in a softer tone, "I am sorry for you, Mariar."

It was misery to think of what I had disclosed, but there was one consolation—Sue hadn't heard it. She never could mind but one thing at a time, and she was too busy with her tears to hear what I had said, and so, when mother was gone, she cried herself to sleep like a tired child, and left me free to think my own wretched thoughts—more wretched than ever, now that mother suspected what I would hide. But the next day she gave me no time to think—what with the baking and fixing for our new boarder—and I was too tired and worn that night to know or care how he looked; all I knew was, that he sat opposite at the tea table, and that Mr. Wain and he had enough to do to keep up with Sue's merry prattle, and between them all the old house rang.

Soon after, the August heats came on, and it seemed as though every breath of air was shut out from us by the brazen sky overhead. When the sun had died out in the yellow haze and we watched for a breeze or the faintest sigh in the maples, we were doomed to watch in vain; and the moon came up night after night like a great crimson sea of fire, that melted and lost itself in the firmament. No stars in the sky at evening; they were lost with the moon in the coppery arch above. No sun save at mid-day; for it paled in the hot, stifling vault, where it seemed as if the smoke of some world's burning hung lurid, flame-tinted.

"The heavens are as brass above us, and the earth is iron under our feet," said father, misquoting Scripture, and idling about the house in his shirt sleeves, for there was no living for him in the field.

Mr. Wain and Mr. Everett did nothing but wander about under the maples and sip mother's currantade, or sing songs with Sue, sometimes adding little touches to the canvas on their easels; and when, one morning—the coolest we'd had for weeks—mother told them she'd give them no pies unless they brought her some berries, they agreed of all plans it was the one they liked best for passing the time away.

"Mother," I said in a kind of desperation, when she came in to tell me that we were all going berrying, "I can't! you mustn't ask me!"

"And so let Susan go alone?" said mother in horror. "Mariar Hale, you're out of your senses. And she always eats all her berries before she gets half way home. No, that'll never do, Mariar; you must go to keep Susan stiddy."

Rather than have *them* know that I dreaded to go I would have picked berries every day in August. Mr. Wain brought Old Doctor to the gate a little before noon. We four had an early dinner, and mother filled one of the baskets for a lunch after we got there; and just as the clock warned for twelve we trudged off. Before us stretched the glowing road—seeming to throb and pulsate with the heat; behind us rose and trailed the yellow dust; around us the crisp fields gave faint wafts of the rowen-hay which the men were cutting; and far above, on the yellowing hills, from the stubble-fields—the orchards bending with their weight of ruby and gold—came the quails' clear, piping voices, answering to tremulous, mellow calls from the far-off blue that swathed the further distance.

By dint of hard whipping and scolding Old Doctor was made to bring us to the foot of the grassy lane where the long, tedious climb commenced. He had a hard pull up the winding old lane, full of scorched daisies and clover, but Mr. Wain continued to make it not without merriment, for he tugged and shouted and pulled at the bits, while Mr. Everett pushed behind till the drops rolled off his face; and what with the shouts and the straining and pulling it seemed equal to ascending the Andes. And without relaxing these efforts, we reached the brow of the hill where we had gazed at sunset hues, but which now showed us naught but the glowing valley—the mountains hot and blue under the fierce noon-rays, and the great arch of yellow sky.

And then we left Old Doctor, and ate our lunch, and with baskets and umbrellas started up the mountain.

The afternoon was far gone when my basket was brimming, and I stepped out of the sweet-fern and dog-woods into the bit of path that had led us up.

I had not seen Mr. Wain, or Sue, or Mr. Everett for more than an hour, and stopped a minute to consider whether I should be most likely to find them up or down the mountain. Just then Sue's voice fell upon my ear, and, turning, I saw them—Mr. Everett and she—under an ash-shadow, a great heap of stripped berry-bushes before them, well-filled baskets, and Sue, flushed and rosy, leaning against the great tree-trunk. I was half wondering why I had not seen them before, and why they had not seen me, when I suddenly noticed Sue's downcast eyes, and her pretty fingers nervously twisting the strings of her shaker, and heard his low and earnest tones. In an instant I surmised it all, and, nearly dropping my basket with surprise—with shame—with anger—I sank down in the fern and hid my face. What would Mr. Wain think of us?—the heartless child. Tired of one face and heart, she had turned to win a new one, casting away the old, which was as good as hers—though maybe the word had not been spoken which could bind them.

In fancy I saw his face pale and his eyes flash when he should discover his wrong; indignant, hurt, he would turn away, despising and loathing us all.

Oh! but there were bitter thoughts in my heart toward her then—near enough to hate, it seems now; for, though I could not rejoice to ever see her his wife, I could feel bitter enough to see how she cast away a true heart

and a good one, as if they grew on every bush as plenty as dew-berries.

As I lifted my head for a breath of air, Mr. Everett came bounding down the path, shouting back to Sue, "Stay there, dear? Don't leave till I find them," and passed by without seeing me. And a few minutes later, Sue herself came tripping over the grass—gay and light-hearted as the great crimson and gold butterflies that fluttered over us—stopping short with a little scream when she spied me. "Maria!" she cried in affright, "what is the matter?"

At first I was silent, while the tumult raged within, till it burst out, and I said passionately: "O Sue! I wish we were dead—you and I—before ever this should have happened. Think of Mr. Wain!"

For a moment she flushed with anger, then said, with a strange and new dignity which in her was puzzling, "You oughtn't to say so, Maria Hale! you've no right. I love him. I'm going to be his wife. Mr. Wain never cared—"

Heavy footsteps crashed in the tall undergrowth behind us, followed by a commotion of the tall dogwoods, as if some one were trying to break through their tangle. Sue turned white with fear, and whispered huskily, "It's old Heth!" and, when I turned from peering into the thicket to assure her it could not be the crazy old negro who made the mountain his home, she had fled, and I caught only a glimpse of her fluttering dress away down the narrow path. Some of her own childish fear seemed to have suddenly possessed me; for catching up my bonnet and berries, I scrambled into the path without casting a glance behind, and fled up the mountain path just as the heavy footsteps burst out into the fern where I had stood.

How hot and still it was! Not a breath of air floated down as I ran, spilling great handfuls of my precious berries, stumbling up the path—while the footsteps came nearer and nearer—grew louder and louder—gained upon me, till my tired feet could hardly raise themselves over the stones, and the very breath I drew was hot and suffocating. I tried to scream, but the sound died away in a husky whisper.

In sheer desperation I stopped short and faced him, but, instead of old Heth's ugly, uncouth shape, with its grizzled face and rolling eyes, there stood—Mr. Wain.

"And so you are running away from me, Miss Maria," he said reproachfully, as soon as he could speak. I could feel the hot blood come into my face, to my very forehead, and, covering my face with my apron, sat down in the fern and cried like a great baby.

"I was going to ask you a question," he said, in that grave tone so much like Parson White's, "one that has much to do with my own happiness; but I see it is of no use. Your fear of me has answered it only too plainly."

"It's about Sue," I thought, glad enough that my face was hid; and then I faltered out: "No! don't ask me, Mr. Wain! don't ask me! It's no use." He sighed.

"I was afraid it was so," he said at last, "and yet—I had thought, at times, it might be otherwise."

"No, it's too late; she's engaged to Mr. Everett," I said in agony of shame and humiliation.

Started by his strange silence, and, I confess, secretly curious to see how he bore his misfortune, I looked up. A smile broke across his face like a sweet dawn after a night of tempest. "O Maria!" he cried, stooping to the hard path, "It was not Sue at all that I meant. It was *you*!"

"Me?" Me, homely Maria Hale—covered with dust and torn by briars, my back hair all down over my shoulders, my apron and fingers black with berry stains, and my face as red as a cook's—and he an artist, a lover of beautiful things!

I did not believe it, and said as much. But it was so, nevertheless, and what could I do but say yes, when I loved him so?

Oh! that ride home! I shall never forget it. Once more a cool breeze to gladden everything; cloud piled on cloud towering to the zenith, and flashing and glowing with the wondrous hues of sunset; but over all—the amethyst battlements, the beryl-hued mountains, the sweet calm of the odorless meadows, the golden silence, and the restful peace which had settled on the wide, wide earth—rested the sweet consciousness that he was to share all this joy and beauty with me forever.

The Farm-Boy's Pleasures.

The boy brings a sharp appetite to his few pleasures. All agreeable thoughts float in his mind during his summer noon doze when he lies on the grass after dinner waiting for the sun to strike the west side of the farmhouse chimneys, which, standing square north and south, serve for sun-dials. And in haymaking, when he is "stowing swain" far above the "purline beam" in the barn as fast as a man in the hay-rack can toss the hay up to him, and the air is heated like a furnace by the hot hay-making sun on the shingles above his head, and his shirt is full of timothy seed, and he is almost dying with exhaustion, suddenly he hears the sound of rain pattering on the roof. The hay in the meadow will be spoiled, but down he slides to enjoy an hour's rest in the cool lower world of the barn floor. And when the Fourth of July comes, and the farm-boys gather at the corners and fire off old shot guns, pistols, an anvil, a cannon and empty thread spools, then and there is the poetry of the harvest season for the boy. The harvest-moon, bringer of hot days and "bammy" nights to glaze the corn, may be the admiration of many, but is not so to the boy. It is accompanied by a special grievance to him: at the end of day's work that take the truck out of him to the last fragment, he has to go for the cows, and to come late after everybody else has washed up and is partly through supper. The hunter's moon too, large, mild and beaming though it may be, is a thing of disgust to the boy, for it marks the beginning of the season, when, after chores are finished and the men are

sitting comfortably around the kitchen fire, he has to split kindlings in the woodhouse for the hired girl, and to fill the four wood boxes with which the hill-farm house warms its kitchen, dining-room, nursery and parlor.

The Boy on a Hill-Farm.

Mary Dean, in Lippincott's for September.

A boy has no perception whatsoever of the poetry of farm life; he considers a woodman's work crabbed prose. The idea of making poetry out of any part of it, or out of a herder's work, either, is to him stark idiocy. Sheep-washing, for instance, is simply working a whole spring day in very chilly water, and sheep-shearing is a task at which he makes "ridgy" work and endures the horror of seeing the gentle, thin-skinned creatures bleed under his awkward shears. The boy cannot conceive what poetry there is about oxen. From the moment a calf hides in the hay with its mother's help and makes believe there is no calf born yet, until it becomes an ox, it cannot, for an instant, be considered poetic by a boy. The calf is a creature that insists, whenever it drinks, on thrusting its head to the bottom of the pail with a splash that deluges the boy with milk; it drinks until it is out of breath and then withdraws its head with another splash and an explosion of milk steam from its nostrils—performances which cause the boy's friends to remark wherever he goes, "You smell of sour milk." The boy likes well enough to feed the oxen their full measures of meal; he likes to see them get down on their knees to lick up morsels that roll into corners of the stable-floor; he stretches his hand in before them for little balls of meal they cannot reach with their long tongues, at which they draw back with a thwack against the stanchion, breathing hard and gazing at him with their large black eyes; and when the off ox tries to capture the nigh ox's portion, the boy raps him back to his place. Quite a pastoral friendship exists between the boy and the nigh ox, being continually bullied by the off ox, needs the boy's protection, and is therefore placed next to him at work. But for all that, he does not see the romance of such matters.

The boy oversees some fighting among the fowls of the hill-farm, where they still keep the old hawk-colored breed—a breed that fights to death—not being over partial as yet to Shanghai that won't lay and Leghorns that won't set. On a large farm, where there are several barns and as many sets of hens, the boy cultivates the fighting qualities of the cocks by keeping them around together and not letting them forget each other. The turkeys—strange birds! so tender in youth a spring rain kills them, so tough in age they roost in the tree-tops in winter, and come down o' mornings covered with frozen sleet and looking as if they enjoyed it—are objects of no interest to the boy; but for the geese he has a kindness, not because they fight each other, but because they fight him. "Can't you let them geese alone?" is the frequent exclamation of the hired man in the stable to the boy in the mow. The boy is always perfectly willing to hunt geese-eggs; he has a battle with the biting, shrieking, wing-flapping goose, every time he takes an egg from her nest. When she begins to sit on her empty nest, it is his business to bring back a part of her eggs and place them under her, which leads to a pitched battle. The pea-hen is a different creature; she keeps the nest secret even from the peacock, never leaving it save on the wing, and approaching it with the greatest circumspection. Nobody but the boy knows where it is. Should he take up her egg, though he might lay it down exactly where it was before, she would never lay another egg. This he knows. He is acquainted with many things other people have no idea of. He knows how a roost of poultry looks at morning dusk, when, if you enter the barn, the entire roost turns one eye at you, and then, for an unknown cause, simultaneously shakes its head. He knows how hens catch mice in the hay mow—how they gnaw the sucking pigs' tails to the bone (the hired man says they need the meat). "He knows how to obtain bumble-bees' honey, paying for this information with an ear like a garnet potato, one of the sort that 'biles up meller,'" and he knows how to find mushrooms. Life for a boy on an upland farm is to labor, to abstain, to sweat and to be grievously cold.

Randolph's Grandnephews Busy.

[Cincinnati Gazette Washington Letter.]

The papers announce the property of the famous "John Randolph, of Roanoke," for sale some time in September. I alluded in a late letter to the degeneracy of great men's descendants. I can add to the list therein stated by telling my readers that two grandnephews of the great Virginian orator and patrician are conductors on street cars in this city. I should correct myself by saying both were at one time conductors, but the elder and handsomer of the two brothers has found, recently, I believe, more congenial occupation. The younger brother, rather under size, homely, and by no means aristocratic in manner or feature, still punches with care in the presence of the passenger-jaire! The family were fearfully reduced by the ravages of the war, and the boys only too glad to get anything to do which would keep the grin fiend starvation from their door. We certainly commend their spirit of independence, which is above the paltry pride of him who says: "To beg I can not, to dig I am ashamed," but it seems such a "come down," so to speak, for the blood relatives of that proud old leader of the people, who boasted of his descent from Pocahontas, and his Scottish lineage dating back to the lovely Mary Queen of Scots, to find his grandnephews car conductors on the street railway.

The trouble with our praying is not so much that we do not pray enough or have not faith enough, as that we all want to be on God's Ways and Means Committee.—R. L. D. Havens.

The Old Ways.

Robert Collyer tells how he was brought up:

My mother never heard a lecture, or read a book about health in her life that I know of; but she had a code of traditions and instincts to which she held always. She whitewashed her cottage from top to bottom with quicklime twice a year, and once a year painted all the woodwork. Twice a week she scrubbed and scoured the floors so that they were as clean as hands could make them; and how many times she swept them besides, and covered them with white sand, I should be afraid to say. She also rubbed the better sort of furniture with bees-wax and turpentine until it shone like a dusky mirror. We slept on chaff beds; but she always cleared them off in the spring, and got new chaff; always had her whole little stock of linen white and pure to wear and to sleep in; and once a week, while we were small, put us through untold torments with yellow soap and the most intolerable towels. "Who hath red eyes? Who hath contention? Who hath strife?" The boys who have to go into a tub with a woman like my mother to work it. Then she gave us plenty to eat; oatmeal porridge and blue milk in the morning, oatmeal porridge and blue milk at night, a very little piece of meat at noon, with plenty of soup and potatoes, and on rare days, dumplings, oat cake—to fill up all the crevices—and wheaten bread about twice a week. Butter we were supposed to have on Sundays, but we all agreed that she scraped more off than she put on. We knew what tea and coffee was, but it never hurt our nerves, or kept us awake nights; and every spring she made a wonderful specific of brimstone, molasses, and cream of tartar—a kind of internal sweetmeat—which, with salts and senna when we were supposed to need some, and a pleasant drink in April made out of new nettles, no doubt in her sure faith preserved our precious lives. Good shoes, and stockings of her own knitting; two suits of clothes warm and stout, with a prophecy in them of the growth we were to attain before they were worn out—one suit for Sunday, the other for week days, with no distinction between summer and winter; and Hobson's choice of the wholesome fare—that was the way our wise, strong mother gathered her brood under her wings, and bred them into sturdy chieftains and burly hizzies.—Selected.

The Season's Close.

This week closes the fashionable season at the summer resorts; but many seekers of quiet and rest will linger by shore and mountain well into or through September, which after all is the most glorious month of all for active out-door enjoyment. This class seems to be a growing one, each year the tendency to a prolongation of the season becomes stronger, and in consequence this season many hotel-keepers are, for the first time, announcing open doors till October. The season at Saratoga is averaging rather better than usual. The receipts of the United States hotel for the first fifteen days of August are reported \$7000 per day, while the managers expect to net \$300,000 from the summer's business and pay out \$200,000—taking out \$60,000 for the rent, leaves \$10,000 each for the four partners. The Grand Union is not expected to pay expenses; it costs too much for that. Mrs. Stewart says she don't care much whether it pays expenses or not. The prices there are lower than they are at the United States. Many people stay there at \$21 per week, while there is an aristocratic element at the States which does not want to live for less than \$5 per day. At the States there are many guests who ask for \$10 rooms. Several families pay \$80 per day for five persons with servants. Hundreds are willing to pay \$10 per day for nice quarters. Saratoga boarding-houses are all fuller than usual this summer. The village is packed. The hard times have sent many guests from the hotels, where with the exception of the States they are required to pay \$21 per week, to delightful boarding-houses, where they can live for \$10 per week and have every delicacy of the season, too.—Saratoga letter.

How She Grows.

From the Baltimore Gazette.

Statistics show that Washington is one of the most rapidly growing cities in the United States. According to the census of 1870 the population of the District of Columbia was 131,700, the population of Washington being 109,199. The census of the District as just completed by the assessors shows the aggregate population of the District to be 160,947, and the population of Washington city to be 131,947. This is a gain of 22,748 in eight years. At this rate of increase the population of Washington in 1880 will be in the neighborhood of 165,000.

SINGULAR MALFORMATION.—Captain J. S. Hay reports the discovery of a strange malformation among the people in the district of Akem, West Africa, the first announcement of which was received with incredulity. This malformation is confined to the men, and consists in a protuberance of the cheek bones under the eyes, taking the form of horns on each side of the nose. It begins in childhood, but is not hereditary. It presents no resemblance to a diseased structure, nor is it a raised cicatrix.

Bacon says: "Men's thoughts are much according to their inclination; their discourse and speeches according to their learning and infused opinions; but their deeds are after as they have been accustomed;"—as some one else strikingly observes:

"Our deeds have traveled with us from afar, And what we have been makes us what we are."

There is a German proverb which says that Take-it-Easy and Live-Long are brothers.

THE COMMERCIAL.

Free to Do Right—To Do Wrong, Never.

SATURDAY, Sept. 28, 1878.

Republican Nominations.

State.
Governor—CHARLES M. CROSWELL.
Lieutenant Governor—ALONZO SESSIONS.
Secretary of State—WILLIAM JENNEY.
Treasurer—BENJAMIN D. PRITCHARD.
Auditor General—W. IRVING LATHAM.
Land Commissioner—JAMES M. NEASMITT.
Attorney General—OTTO KIRCHNER.
Superintendent of Public Instruction—CORNELIUS A. GOWER.
Member of the State Board of Education—GEORGE EDWARDS.
Congressional.
Second District—EDWIN WILLITS.

On the first page we publish an extract from Rev. J. M. Richmond's sermon of last Sunday. He speaks not as a partisan, but as a minister of the gospel, who believes that honor, truth, and faith in God, are no less important for the nation than for the individual.

Whoever has taken the pains to read President Hayes' recent speeches has found in them simple narratives of the causes of, and the escapes from, hard times. Every one can understand all he says, and his conclusions will stand every test of logic and experience. The people of the United States ought to be proud to have as their Chief Magistrate a man who stands firm when others are weak in the faith, and who regards national honesty as a thing to be desired in itself and as the only means of a return to sound prosperity.

Every now and then we hear appeals for harmony in the Republican party, but the quarters whence the cries proceed call to mind the remark of the venerable Dr. Watts to the effect that

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

The Republicans of Michigan are harmonious enough, and so are the Republicans in Massachusetts, and in every other State where the party has put into its platform living principles and has gone earnestly to work. If the Republicans of New York turn their attention to something besides petty squabbles for office, both they and the party would gain by the change.

THE GOVERNMENT AND PAPER MONEY.

In the course of a speech made recently in this neighborhood, a prominent Greenback orator and candidate hotly exclaimed, "Why, the government could stamp the leaves of yonder maple tree and make them into dollars!" When such nonsense is openly talked on the stump, it is worth while to examine closely into the value of a government stamp; in other words, to see how far government can go in the matter of creating arbitrary values. In the first place, the government can, within the limits of the Supreme Court decisions, force any money it pleases on its debtors, because there is no redress for the debtor. Again, the government can declare anything a legal tender, and if sustained by the Supreme Court, the article so declared, be it stocks or stones, is a sufficient tender for debts. If A. owes B., then B. will have to accept in payment what the government makes a legal tender. But if A. wishes to buy of B., in that case B. may refuse to take the paper money, or may be willing to take it only at some value below the face value. But if B. has debts of his own to pay, he will take A.'s paper money to pay them with. That the government has a right to make anything other than gold and silver a legal tender, is another question. It can, however, give value to anything by providing that it shall be a tender for debts.

Now, since the cost of paper money is zero, there is nothing to prevent a government from issuing unlimited quantities of it; and since the value of money always depends on the supply, the more money there is issued the less its value. The only way in which an inconvertible currency can be maintained, without depreciation, is by watching the mint price of gold and retiring paper money as often as a dollar in paper will not buy a dollar in gold. Government paper money, however, in the words of Mr. Chas. Moran, "only represents property and lives consumed or destroyed, and labor unproductively employed," or a government that issues paper money is in too bad a financial condition to pay any attention to the depreciation of that money. Take our own case: during the war, notes were issued to such an extent that they were worth only about one-third of their nominal value. Indeed, there is not on record a single instance of a government issuing paper money and not making an over-issue. Now the experience of nations has proved that the standard of value should be as little as possible liable to change, and so the least changeable commodities—gold and silver—have been selected universally to represent values. The production of gold and silver is, on the whole, regular and constant, while the issue of paper money is arbitrary and dependent on a chance majority in Congress. The reason, therefore, against allowing the government to issue paper money is that such issues are unconstitutional, and they are rightly unconstitutional, not because the government cannot impart some value, but because legislation cannot impart stable values, and because, when values are fluctuating, all business relations of the country are turned into gambling operations, and the honest man is made the dupe of the sharper.

Correspondence.

YPSILANTI, Mich., Sept. 23, 1878.
Editor Commercial: I am one of the number who signed a circular addressed "to

all who are willing to engage in a political crusade against the liquor traffic," but my name is not Mr. Dodger. We are a part of the advance guard of that great army of temperance men who propose to fight King Alcohol until he is deposed. Mr. A. Dodger is not one of our number, but we are all well acquainted with him. He is one of the stragglers at the rear of the army, and there you may expect to find him until he sees that success is certain. After the danger is passed, he will rush to the front, and no man will shout more lustily over the victory than he, and none will claim a larger share of the honors. But when Mr. Artful Dodger enters the political field he is a changed man. There is no use looking for him at the rear now. He is eager for office, and "by ways that are dark and tricks that are [not] in vain," he pushes himself forward and secures a prominent position. He is non-committal on all questions in which his constituents differ, but does not object to talk a little temperance to temperance men, provided he can drink beer on the sly with saloon keepers. He believes in keeping all moral questions out of politics, because he wants the votes of both moral and immoral men to elect him to office.

And now, Mr. Editor, a word for the Prohibition party. We do not propose to "bite the heels of the other parties till one of them takes us into its lap." We have a living principle that we are battling for, and it is of more vital importance than any question before the American people. We intend to fight for it until it is recognized as such, and when the battle is fought and the victory won, we expect that even Mr. Artful Dodger will shout aloud for joy.

Yours for the right,

WATSON SNYDER.

We will not quarrel over initials, but the Dodger certainly was sent out as the advance guard of the Prohibition party, and our correspondent was one of the gentlemen who formed the main line. The Dodger has been trodden under foot, indeed, but he fell while doing his duty, and now, if there is any skulking, it comes from the Dodger's supporters. But, joking aside, it is an open question whether the principle for which the Prohibition party is fighting is "of more vital importance than any before the American people," even admitting our correspondent's statement, still the means taken by the Prohibition party to gain its end are open to criticism. The Prohibition party must have a care lest in its efforts to establish its own principles, it overthrows the very foundations on which it rears its own structure. We need a temperate government, much, but we need a government more; and when such powerful forces are at work undermining the very corner-stones of all government, it is the duty of every good citizen to oppose such forces by all means in his power. Very likely the priest was hastening to do an excellent work when he left by the wayside the man who fell among thieves, much as the Prohibition party now leaves our bruised public credit. —[ED. COMMERCIAL.]

ALL SORTS.

Who shall say that the Prohibition Club is not doing a good work, when the Fifth Ward furnishes more members than any other ward in the city!

"Callous" is good, but we imagine that the *Evening News* man who takes the calling of names into his special care, has, through much reviling, become uncertain as to the proper terms for hard and soft.

The *Evening News* and the *Ann Arbor Democrat* were rather premature in their reports of the match debate which did not take place. "He that answereth a matter before he hearth it, to him it is folly and shame."

A prominent candidate on the county Greenback ticket recently returned after a day's canvassing highly elated. "Oh, how I raked 'em in to-day!" he exclaimed to a friend. "I got among those ignorant fellows down there, and I just raked 'em in."

There seems to be a race between the two aspirants for the Presidency in 1880. Not to be out-done by Butler stealing the Massachusetts Democratic Convention, Tilden has stolen from open court the account books on which proceedings in a suit against himself were based.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Republican County Convention met at Ann Arbor last Thursday, and was called to order by A. J. Sawyer, Chairman of the County Committee.

Geo. S. Wheeler, of Salem, was made temporary chairman, and H. A. Hill, of Ann Arbor city, secretary.

Committee on Credentials—A. Campbell, of Pittsfield; John Henly, of Scio; F. A. Hunt, of Ypsilanti city.

On Permanent Organization—James McMahon, Ann Arbor city; J. B. Winans, Salem; D. Wilsey, Pittsfield; C. K. Wines, Chelsea; John Geddes, Ann Arbor town.

On Resolutions—Alex. Ewing, Scio; R. B. Gates, Lima; W. K. Childs, Pittsfield.

The Committee on Permanent Organization reported, for officers of the convention, the temporary chairman and secretary.

The following ticket was then nominated: Senator—J. Webster Childs, Augusta.

Sheriff—Henry S. Boutell, Ypsilanti town.

Clerk—E. B. Clark, Saline.

Treasurer—Stephen Fairchild, Sharon.

Register—E. N. Gilbert, Ann Arbor city.

Prosecuting Attorney—Frank Emerick, Ann Arbor city.

Circuit Court Commissioners—James McMahon, Ann Arbor city, and Fred A. Hunt, of Ypsilanti city.

Surveyor—John K. Yocum, Lyndon.

Coroners—F. K. Owen, Ypsilanti city; W. G. Terry, Ann Arbor city.

The convention was unusually large, and the feeling was quite harmonious. At the conclusion of the business, Hon. Edwin Willits made a short address.

lapsus uteri, and in female complaints generally. An alternative tonic, the syrup ought to be used by clergymen, editors, cashiers, clerks lawyers, and others who use their brains more than their muscles; as well as operatives, printers, tailors, shoemakers, seamstresses, and all those whose occupation confines them in ill-ventilated and over-heated rooms, who are liable to suffer more or less from nervous debility." Sold by dealers generally.

The Fat Men's Convention.

We can see some pleasure, if no reason, in the convening of a baby show, but we confess we could never see the slightest cause, reasonable or otherwise, for a fat man's convention, unless it be the fact that misery loves company. For fifty or a hundred men, whose several weights range from two hundred pounds, to hold a convention simply because of so much surplus avoirdupois, is absurd to say the least. It becomes doubly so when we reflect that obesity is a disease. What would we think of as many persons emaciated by consumption holding a convention to compare their relative weights. Their is but one ground upon which we would advocate another fat men's convention, and that is that they will meet to discuss the merits of Allen's Anti-Fat, the only known remedy for obesity. It is safe and reliable. Sold by druggists.

An Undeniable Truth.

You deserve to suffer, and if you lead a miserable, unsatisfactory life in this beautiful world, it is entirely your own fault and there is only one excuse for you—your unreasonable prejudice and skepticism, which has killed thousands. Personal knowledge and common sense reasoning will soon show you that Green's August Flower will cure you of Liver Complaint, or Dyspepsia, with all its miserable effects, such as sick headache, palpitation of the heart, sour stomach, habitual constiveness, dizziness of the head, nervous prostration, low spirits, &c. Its sales now reach every town on the Western Continent, and not a druggist but will tell you of its wonderful cures. You can buy a sample bottle for 10 cents. Three doses will relieve you. 735-alt.

Light Guard Hall.

C. J. WHITNEY, Lessee and Manager.
ONE NIGHT ONLY.

MONDAY EVENING, Sept. 30th.

The ever popular

LINGARDS.

ALICE D. LINGARD,
WM. HORACE LINGARD,
MISS DICKIE LINGARD.

And their grand New York Comedy Company, commencing with the one act comedy DELICATE GROUND concluding with the Lingards' latest N. Y. success, the richly humorous comedy in acts entitled THE PRINCES RECEPTION, as played at the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris, 472 consecutive nights, and by the Lingards in the Park Theatre, New York, with grand success. To be followed by 12 Lingard Sketches, Songs and Impersonations.

Prices of admission 75 and 50 cents. Reserved seats without extra charge at Samsons.

Fall & Winter Opening

THURSDAY and FRIDAY
OCTOBER 3 and 4

I shall take pleasure in showing you a full line of Millinery,
ZEPHYRS.

GERMANTOWN YARNS.

And Fancy Goods. Also a large stock of Demorest's Patterns, Ladies of Ypsilanti and vicinity are invited to attend.

MRS. A. S. H. GOODING.

A GOOD CHANCE.

Call on Martin Cremer at Doyle's store, Huron St., and he will sell you dog cheap, two Stoves and Pipe, sixty yards Carpeting, sixty Chairs, a splendid Book Rack, nice Shade Hanging Lamps, Clock, three nice Curtains, Round Centre Table.

BOOK CASE.

And other useful articles. The accepted time will speedily pass by.

E. M. COMSTOCK & CO.

Call and examine our stock of Ladies' Underwear. Call and examine our stock of Gents' Underwear, and our line of Children's Underwear is full and complete. Ladies if you have not seen our line of Cloaks, if you will pay you to call and look at the prices as the styles are new and the prices cannot be beaten. Our Dress Goods Department was never in better shape for in it you will find all the latest styles and patterns.

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FOR THE FALL TRADE.

The Harmonia.

FOUR-PART SONGS FOR MALE VOICES.

This is an entirely new book, music well selected, and with German and English words, the latter translated by L. G. Elson. A valuable acquisition to the list of Male Quartet books.

Complete \$2.50; Vocal parts, each 60 cents, Together \$2.00.

Teachers, etc., are invited to send for Catalogues and Circulars, containing large lists of the best, most useful and newest books for their use the coming season.

DITSON & CO.'S MUSICAL RECORD.

A New Weekly Musical Paper, commences September 7th.

A wide-awake paper for Music Teachers and their Pupils, Organists, Players and Music-lovers generally, six pages reading matter, six pages selected music, (312 per year), \$2 per year in advance.

Teachers of Singing Classes will please examine L. O. EMERSON'S "Onward," (\$3.50 per dozen) similar to the "Encore," so widely known. Or A. N. JOHNSON'S "Method for Singing Classes," (\$5.00 per dozen), or EMERSON'S "Salutation," (\$12 per dozen) for Chorus and Singing Schools.

All books sent post free for retail price.

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C. S. WORTLEY & BRO.

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HATS

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BOY'S & CHILDREN'S SUITS

LESS PRICE!

THAN EVER BEFORE.

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Is the only Cooking Stove in the world with the Baking Oven Extending Rearward, and over the rear extension a PORTABLE FLAMISHED COPPER RESERVOIR. It is manufactured only by SHERMAN S. JEWETT & CO.

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Small expenses enables me to sell at small margins. Gentlemen will consult their own interest by giving me a call before purchasing elsewhere.
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157 Jefferson Ave., (upstairs), Detroit.
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CARD.—DR. W. H. DARE, from Rochester, N. Y., has located in Detroit, Room 1, Merrill Block. Dr. Dare makes CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY, and has numerous testimonials never published—persons cured by him after having been abandoned by other physicians. Dr. Dare uses in connection with Medicine, Magnetism, Electricity and Vapor Baths, which assist the vital forces in overcoming disease and greatly develop the curative action of remedies given. Send for circular. Office consultation free. 757-760

SIDGREAVES & CO.,
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Fruits and Produce on Commission,
Speedy Sales Effected and Quick Returns Guaranteed.
Consignment of all kinds of Fruits and Produce solicited. 753-764

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Advertising Agents,
20 Congress Street West, DETROIT, MICH.,
are authorized to contract for advertising in this paper. They will send their Advertisers' BUREAU of Michigan Newspapers, with prices, etc., FREE by mail.

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WHOLESALE
OYSTERS & FRUIT HOUSE
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DETROIT, MICH.
GET YOUR OYSTERS HERE.
758-765

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Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company,
Of Hartford, Conn. JACOB L. GREEN, Pres't; JNO. M. TAYLOR, Sec'y. This Company, the largest but one in the world, has dispersed to policy-holders, in death claims, endowments, dividends, etc., nearly Seventy Millions; and it has to-day assets amounting to nearly Fifty Millions of dollars. Purely mutual it furnishes insurance at exact cost. Strong, safe and economical. Apply to HODGES BROTHERS, Detroit, Gen'l Agents for Mich., Wis. and Ont. 758-742

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Wholesale and Retail
Dealers in FOREIGN and DOMESTIC FRUITS.
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BUSINESS UNIVERSITY
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Its course of instruction, facilities, management and corps of teachers, are unsurpassed by any similar institution on the continent. Its large patronage and popularity is positive proof of its superiority. College paper sent free.
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1878. FALL STYLES 1878.

GEO. PECK & CO.'S

We shall have on sale this week our

FIRST FALL STOCK!

When we shall be pleased to show the NEW DESIGNS and LEADING STYLES in AUTUMN DRESS FABRICS, which include Elegant Novelties from the best French and English markets. FINE WOOL GOODS in Self and Fancy Plaid, Diagonals, Serges, etc. ENGLISH SUITINGS in dark grays and browns. All grades of COLORED CASHMERE of the very latest colorings. Also a magnificent lot of AMERICAN DRESS GOODS at medium and low prices. We have spared no pains to maintain our reputation for being

THE HEADQUARTERS FOR SILKS!
We shall show in this department some very fine Brocade Silks, and the latest shades in plain and fancy Silks, with Brocade, Velvet and Mohair Antique for trimming. Also some very choice quality in best grades of Black Silks, at prices that cannot fail to commend them. GEO. PECK & CO., 155 & 157 Woodward Ave., DETROIT, Mich. 757-760

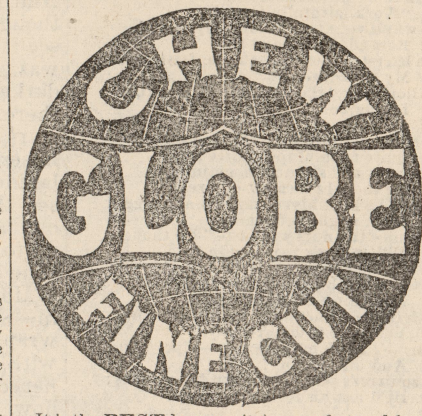
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TAPPAN, McKILLIP & CO.,
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We report to subscribers the standing of all business men. Address communications to
J. W. BEATON or J. D. STANDISH.
742-m6

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HUTCHINSON & CO., Attorneys and Inventors in Patents, Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents, 37 Congress St. West, Detroit, Mich. The only responsible Patent Office in the State, U.S.

BEST IN THE WORLD.



It is the BEST because it is manufactured from the finest selected and fully matured leaf, as denoted by the rich red color (no coloring compounds or other injurious substances being used in its manufacture). It is the MOST ECONOMICAL because it gives a rich sweet pleasant solid and lasting chew, and will go further and give better satisfaction than any other brand in the market.
"If you try it," "You'll always buy it."
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.
MANUFACTURED BY
Walker, McGraw Co.
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DETROIT.

New Advertisements.

Price, TEN Cents.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING

116th EDITION.

Containing a complete list of all the towns in the United States, the Territories and the Dominion of Canada, having a population greater than 5,000 according to the last census, together with the names of the newspapers having the largest local circulation in each of the places named. Also a catalogue of newspapers which are recommended to advertisers as giving greatest value in proportion to the prices charged. Also, the Religious and Agricultural Journals, very complete lists, and many tables of rates, showing the cost of advertising in various newspapers, and much other information which a beginner in advertising would need to know. Address GEO. F. ROWELL & Co., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce Street, New York.

PIANO Beautiful Sq. Grand Pianos, price \$1,000 only \$275. Magnificent Upright Pianos, price \$1,000, only \$275. Elegant Upright Pianos, price \$800, only \$175. Pianos, 7 octave, \$125, 7 1/2 octave, \$135. New style. Organs \$25. Grand exposed, 9 stops, \$57.50. Church ORGAN 16 stops, price \$90, only \$115. Electric Organ cost \$375 Mirror Top Organs only \$105. Beautiful Parlor Organ price \$240, only \$85. Fraud exposed, \$500 reward. Read "Traps for the Unwary" and Newspaper about cost of Pianos and Organs, SENT FREE. Please address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, D. C.

SWEET JACKSON'S BEST Navy Tobacco

Awarded highest prize at Centennial Exposition for its chewing qualities and excellent lasting character of sweetening and flavoring. The best tobacco ever made. As on this strip trademark is closely imitated on inferior goods, see that Jackson's Best is on every plug. Sold by all dealers. Send for sample, free, to A. J. Jackson & Co., N. Y. City.

A day to Agents canvassing for the Fire-side Visitor. Terms and outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

25 Fancy Cards, Snowflake, Damask, assorted in 25 styles, with name, 10cts. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED! Medals & Diplomas Awarded.
For HOLMAN'S PICTORIAL BIBLES
New 2000 Illustrations. Address for new circulars, A. J. HOLMAN & Co., 930 Arch St., Philadelphia.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE

TRADE MARK. Is especially re-TRADE MARK. Unsurpassed as a remedy for SEMINAL WEAKNESS, SPERMATORRHEA, IMPOTENCY and all diseases of the Urinary Organs, that follow as a consequence of Self-Abuse; as Loss of Memory, YESSAL LASSITUDE, etc.

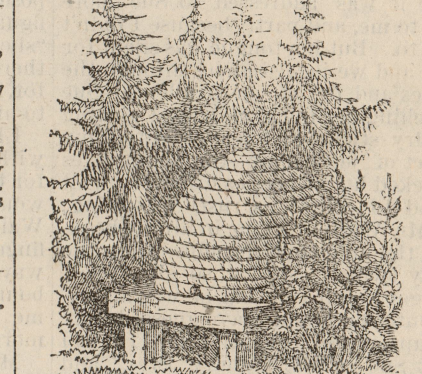
Before Taking Before Taking

TRUTH, PAIN IN THE BACK, DIMNESS OF VISION, PALE MATURE OLD AGE, and many other diseases that lead to Debility, Consumption and a Premature Grave, all of which as a rule are first caused by deviating from the path of nature and over-indulgence. The Specific Medicine is the result of a life study and many years of experience in treating these special diseases.

Full particulars in our pamphlets, which we desire to send free by mail to every one.

The Specific Medicine is sold by all Druggists at \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5, or will be sent by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,
No. 19 Mechanics' Block, Detroit, Mich.
Sold in Ypsilanti by Frank Smith; and by all druggists everywhere. 742-765



HALE'S

HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR

FOR THE CURE OF

Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, and all Affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs, leading to Consumption.

This infallible remedy is composed of the HONEY of the plant Horehound, in chemical union with TAR-BALM, extracted from the LIFE PRINCIPLE of the forest tree ABIES BALSAMEA, or Balm of Gilead.

The Honey of Horehound SOOTHES and SCATTERS all irritations and inflammations, and the Tar-BALM cleanses and heals the throat and air passages leading to the lungs. FIVE additional ingredients keep the organs cool, moist, and in healthful action. Let no prejudice keep you from trying this great medicine of a famous doctor who has saved thousands of lives by its in his large private practice.

N.B.—The Tar-Balm has NO BAD TASTE or smell.

PRICES 50 CENTS and \$1 PER BOTTLE.
Great saving to buy large size.

"Pike's Toothache Drops" Cure in 1 Minute.
Sold by all Druggists.

C. N. CRITTENTON, Prop., N.Y.
127-772

Local Matters.

SATURDAY, Sept. 28, 1878.

Friends of The Commercial, who have business at the Probate Court, will please request Judge Harriman to send their Printing to this office.

YPSILANTI POST OFFICE.

MAILS ARRIVE.
East—9 and 11:30 A. M., 6:30 P. M.
West—11:30 A. M., and 6 P. M.
Hillsdale—6 P. M.
MAILS CLOSE.
East—10:30 A. M., 5 P. M.
West—10:30 A. M., 6 P. M.
Hillsdale—8:15 A. M.

Darkened to mourning the sad-colored beech;
Empty the nests in its purple boughs lie;
Something elusive we never can reach
Deepens the glory of days going by;
Aftermath lies in the sun;
Summer is almost done.

Child! why regret that the summer must go?
Sweet lies the aftermath left in the sun;
Lives that are earnest more beautiful grow
Out of a childhood in beauty begun:
Harvests of gold can be won
Only—when summer is done!
—From Sept. Wide Awake.

MATCH DEBATE.—Owing to the storm on Wednesday evening the joint discussion between Dr. Brown, of Reading, and Capt. E. P. Allen, has been postponed till Tuesday evening next. The voters of this city are invited to hear a thorough discussion of the leading issue in politics.

THE LINGARDS.—Lovers of comedy and farce will be pleased to learn that the Lingards propose to give an entertainment in this city, on Monday evening next. The Lingards are one of the most successful troupes in this country, and it is not often that so good a company comes to Ypsilanti. The programme, too, is made up with a view to furnishing a full evening's enjoyment.

THE COUNTY FAIR.—The Washtenaw County Fair will be held in Ann Arbor on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of next week. Over \$2,000 will be distributed in cash prizes, and there are thirty-three different classes for entries. Should the weather be pleasant nothing will be wanting to make the fair a complete success. Last year, when the fair was held in this city, Ann Arbor sent down a large delegation, and this year we should endeavor to return the compliment. As the Ann Arbor Democrat has well said, "crops have been large, and farmers are in good condition." If the Greenbackers will attend in large numbers, and look upon the abundance that Washtenaw county produces, they will cease to cry hard times and will go home rejoicing.

SEARS M. LOVERIDGE.—This well known citizen and business man, died on Wednesday, at his residence in Oakland, of disease of the kidneys, after only one week's illness. Mr. Loveridge was widely known here as the agent of the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, and was regarded as one of the most successful insurance agents in the country. He also organized, and for some time was President of the Pittsburgh Steel Casting Company, one of our most successful manufacturing establishments. Of late years he had been engaged in business in Boston and Philadelphia, but about six months ago retired from active business and returned to Pittsburgh. He was held in the highest esteem as an upright, enterprising business man, and a consistent Christian. Socially he was genial and affable, and as a husband and father was most devoted and affectionate. The family have been called to bear grievous afflictions lately, a daughter having died seven months ago, and a son having been drowned about two months since. He leaves a wife and two daughters, who share the sympathy of relatives and friends in their sad bereavement. —Pittsburgh Commercial.

NORMAL ITEMS.

The Normal will be entirely completed about the 1st of November.

There are a number of students here from schools outside the State.

Prof. Vroman was unable to meet his classes on Monday, on account of some trouble with his eyes.

Miss Selleck—the new teacher—does not take the place of Miss Rice, as is generally supposed, but is an assistant to the other teachers.

No one has taken charge of Prof. Lodge's classes during his absence. He arrived at New York the 24th, and is now expected home daily.

School opened on Monday, and is now in working order, with an attendance of about 300 pupils, which number compares favorably with last year.

Zealot Hall had quite a fair attendance last Saturday evening. The remarks of the President on "The Benefits Derived from Literary Societies," were appropriate and beneficial.

The old students lament the loss of their former and much-esteemed teacher, Miss Rice. It is like going home to find one who was always kind and pleasant gone from the old home forever.

FISH SHUTES.

Some time since, a petition signed by 150 citizens was handed to Mr. Leo Yost, Supervisor of the First District. That petition requested him to notify the mill owners of his district to furnish their dams with fish shutes, in accordance with the law. Mr. Yost notified the mill owners as was requested, and when they replied that they understood that a change was to be made in the style of the shute, Mr. Yost corresponded with the Fish Commissioners, with the following result:

NILES, Sept. 23, 1878.

The Commissioners, I think, are to make no changes in the diagram and model al-

JOINT DEBATE

Postponed to

TUESDAY EVENING NEXT.

ready supplied, as it works perfectly satisfactory. You will see a model shute at the Detroit Museum, at work, and the fish actually ascending—the shute giving complete satisfaction to all who have seen it work. The size can be governed by size of stream, height of dam, flow of water, etc., etc. I think the shute will prove to be the cheapest, the most simple and practical, and best ever used. I to-day mail you a lithograph copy.

Yours truly,

Geo. H. JEROME.

On turning to the Public Acts, 1877, No. 202, Secs. 7 and 8, we find the duty of the Supervisor to begin proceedings as follows:

Sec. 7. The supervisor of each township is hereby made inspector of dams in his township during his term of office, and it shall be his duty to prosecute, in the name of the people, with the aid of the prosecuting attorney of his county, in all cases where this law is not complied with, upon the complaint of any twelve citizens of the county. The supervisor shall be paid out of the contingent fund of the county, the sum of two dollars for every day actually spent in the inspection of dams in his township, or while actually employed or engaged in the prosecution of any suit under this act, to be allowed and paid by the board of supervisors. And the prosecuting attorney of any county, the citizens of any portion of which are or may be affected by the erection or continuance of any dam across any river flowing through any portion of such county, whether such dam shall be located in such county or in any other county in this State, shall, upon the application of the supervisor of any township or supervisor district of his county, prosecute any person or persons for any violation of any of the provisions of this act.

Sec. 8. If the owner or occupant, or any firm, corporation, company, person or persons using or enjoying the use of any dam or dams across any stream in this State which is now built, or which may be built hereafter, shall fail to comply with all the provisions of this act with respect to the construction and maintenance in good repair of such shutes or fish ladders in any such dam or dams, after having been notified in writing by said supervisor to construct the same, he or they shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and for each and every thirty days that such owner or occupant shall neglect or refuse to comply with all the provisions of this act applicable to him or them, he or they shall be punished by a fine not exceeding two hundred dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding ninety days, or by both fine and imprisonment, in the discretion of the court.

In accordance with the law, it becomes the duty of Mr. Yost to bring action against such mill owners as do not at once obey the law.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

Monday Eve., Sept. 23d, 1878.

Council met.
Mayor in the chair.
Roll called.
Present, Ald. Kishlar, Robbins, Roys, Frazer, Cremer, Follmer and Hutchinson.
Absent, Ald. Owen, Thayer and Smith.

PETITIONS.
From E. Laibie.
Asking that the order to pave Pearl street be extended along the property of A. Miner, and that said Mayor put his fence on the line.

Referred to Committee on Streets and Walks.

REPORTS OF OFFICERS.

From City Attorney—

To the Honorable Mayor and Common Council: GENTLEMEN—The bill of Justice Skinner vs. the city is correct. The defendant was acquitted, but I took charge of this and another case of the same nature, officially. The other defendant was convicted and fined \$3, which goes into the treasury. This defendant I deemed ought to be discharged and so informed the Justice. Yours truly,

E. P. ALLEN.

REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

From Committee on Fire Department.
Your committee to whom was referred petition for extension of fire limits, would recommend that prayer of petitioners be granted, and the City Attorney be instructed to draft an ordinance covering the same.

Report accepted and adopted.

CLAIMS AND ACCOUNTS.

P. M. Skinner, justice fees.....\$ 3 50
D. W. Thompson, repairing roof on engine house..... 10 00
C. R. Pattison, printing..... 6 76
Ordered paid from Contingent Fund. Ayes 7, Nays 0.
P. K. Owen, medical attendance..... 36 00
Ordered paid from Poor Fund, Ayes 7, Nays 0.
Mrs. Anne M. Van Glev, rep's sidewalk..... 8 47
Laid on the table.

MOTION AND RESOLUTIONS.

By Committee on Streets and Walks—
Resolved, That the Marshal be and he is hereby instructed to cause a sidewalk four feet in width to be constructed on the north side of Pearl street, in front of the premises of Charles Smith, within ten days from this date.

Also, a sidewalk four feet in width to be constructed on the south side of Ellis street and the east side of Hamilton street, adjoining the premises of Mrs. Wallace, within fifteen days from this date.

Also, a sidewalk four feet in width to be constructed on the east side of Summit street, opposite the premises owned by W. Pearson, within fifteen days from this date, said walk to comply with the requirements of Section 4, Ordinance No. 7.

And if any persons, before whose premises such walk is hereby ordered, shall neglect or refuse to construct such walk within the time specified, it shall be the duty of the Marshal to employ some other person to furnish the materials and construct said walk, at a fair valuation, and report the same, with the account properly attested, to this Council for assessment against such premises, with ten per cent additional.

Adopted.

By Aid. Robbins—

Resolved, That the Marshal be instructed to clean the ditch on the west side of Adams street and to construct a good plank sewer four feet wide and two feet high, along said ditch where the same now crosses Adams, Michigan and Buffalo streets.

Ald. Roys moved to lay on the table.

Carried. Ayes 4, Nays 3.

By Aid. Follmer—

Resolved, That the committee on Cemeteries be instructed to cut the brush and grass from the Eastern Cemetery and to burn the same.

Adopted.

By Aid. Kishlar—

Resolved, That the Marshal be instructed to close the north end of the sewer across Congress on the west side of Adams street.

Adopted.

Ayes, Ald. Kishlar, Robbins, Cremer, Follmer, 4.

Nays, Ald. Roys, Frazer, 2.

On motion the following resolution was taken from the table.

By Aid. Hutchinson—

Resolved, That the Marshal be instructed to advertise the band wagon for sale for three weeks in the city papers and then to sell the same to the highest bidder.

Adopted.

On motion the Council adjourned to meet Monday evening, Sept. 30, 1878, at 7 o'clock.

FRANK JOSLIN, City Clerk.

SPECIAL MEETING.

Tuesday Eve., Sept. 24th, 1878.

Council met.

Mayor in the chair.

Roll called. Quorum present.

By Aid. Follmer—

Resolved, That the Mayor call a meeting of the

electors of this city, at the Light Guard Hall, Sept. 26th inst., at 8 P. M., at which meeting the Mayor shall be chairman and the City Clerk, Secretary. Said meeting to be called for the purpose of advising the Common Council whether to pay or further contest the payment of the city bonds issued to the Detroit & Hillsdale Railroad company.

Carried.

On motion Council adjourned to meet Friday morning, Sept. 27th 1878, at 7 o'clock.

FRANK JOSLIN, City Clerk.

ELECTORS' MEETING.

LIGHT GUARD HALL, Thursday Eve., Sept. 26, '78. Thomas Niles, Chairman.

Frank Hinckley moved that the Council be instructed not to pay the Detroit, Hillsdale & Indiana Railroad bonds, but to continue the suit against the same.

John Gilbert moved as a substitute, that the Council be instructed to issue new bonds in lieu of the old ones now out issued to the Detroit, Hillsdale & Indiana Railroad Company, provided that by so doing the Grand Trunk Railroad shall come to Ypsilanti.

John Starkweather moved to adjourn sine die. Lost.
Substitute adopted.
Ayes 131, Nays 62.

FRANK JOSLIN, Secretary.

SPECIAL MEETING.

Friday, Sept. 27th, 1878.

Council met.

Mayor in the chair.

Roll called. Present, Ald. Kishlar, Robbins, Roys, Frazer, Cremer, Follmer, and Hutchinson.

By Aid. Robbins—

That the Mayor appoint a committee of two from each ward, upon the question of paying the Detroit, Hillsdale & Indiana Railroad bonds, one alderman of each ward to constitute a part of such committee.

Carried.

Mayor appointed as such committee:

First Ward, William Robbins and Homer Cady.
Second Ward, Reuben D. Roys and Jessie Randolph.

Third Ward, Martin Cremer and Watson Snyder.

Fourth Ward, Joseph Follmer and Manly Holbrook.

Fifth Ward, Byron Hutchinson and Philo Ferrier.

On motion Council adjourned to meet Saturday evening, Sept. 28, 1878, at 7 o'clock.

FRANK JOSLIN, City Clerk.

LOCAL AND BUSINESS NOTICES.

USE CAUTION.—In calling for that excellent medicine, the Great English Cough Remedy, be sure you get no other palmed off on you.

INGRAM'S PILLS.—Mr. Fred. Ingram, of this city, has invented some Agree pills which produce all the good effects of quinine, while avoiding all the ills that follow in the train of that medicine. Then, too, the loze shape in which the pills are made, greatly facilitate swallowing, thereby giving these pills a front place among agree cures.

There is scarcely a family on the east side of the river that has not successfully used these pills, and the foreign sale, also, has been surprisingly large. Several persons connected with this office have used Mr. Ingram's pills, and have found them decidedly beneficial, and to be recommended.

Facts That We Know.

If you are suffering with a severe cough, cold, asthma, bronchitis, consumption, loss of voice, tickling in the throat, or any affection of the throat or lungs, we know that Dr. King's New Discovery will give you immediate relief. We know of hundreds of cases it has completely cured, and that where all other medicines had failed. No other remedy can show one half as many permanent cures. Now to give you satisfactory proof that Dr. King's New Discovery will cure you of Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Consumption, severe Coughs and Colds, Hoarseness, or any Throat or Lung disease, if you will call at Frank Smith's Drug Store we will give you a trial bottle free of cost, or a regular size bottle for \$1.00.

—Health is an inestimable jewel. The cough that deprives you of it may take your life too. One bottle of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar will avert the evil, and save you from consumption. Will you weigh life against a half-dollar? Sold by all Druggists. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

Query: "Why will men smoke common tobacco, when they can buy Marburg Bros. 'Seal of North Carolina,' at the same price?" 721-772

YPSILANTI MARKETS.

Corrected weekly by O. A. AINSWORTH, Commission and Forwarding Merchant.

APPLES, per bbl, 75@1.00
BUCK FLOUR—\$3.00.
BEANS—80@81.10.
BUTTER—12 1/2.
CORN—38@40 per bush.
CHICKENS—Dressed, 5@7. Live, 4.
EGGS—12.
HAY—\$8.00@10.00 per ton.
HIDES—5c.
HONEY—In cap, 20.
HAMS—9@10.
LARD—The market stands at 8@9.
ONIONS—90 per bbl.
OATS, New, 20@25.
PORK—In bbl., \$10.50@11.00.
POULTRY—40.
TIMOTHY SEED—\$1.60.
TURKEYS—Live, 7@8.
WHEAT—Extra—88@90.
" No. 1—88.
BUCK WHEAT—50.
WOOL—25@30.

MARRIED.

WOODFORD—BACHELDER. On Tuesday Sept. 17th, at the residence of Mr. Hiram Bachelder, the father of the bride, by the Rev. John M. Richmond, Mr. ARCHIBALD T. WOODFORD, of Chicago, Ill., and Miss JULIA F. BACHELDER. No cards.

Local and Special Notices.

\$500 TO LOAN

On good security. Apply at this Office.

FOR LEADER GASOLINE COOKING STOVES.

Fixtures and Gasoline apply to Joseph J. Smith, Agent, Ann Arbor, Mich. Orders solicited for private gas generating machines.

SELECT SCHOOL.

A Select School, for small children, will be opened at 60 Adam Street, on Monday Sept. 30, by Mrs. Sarah H. Elmer. 750-760

A GOOD COW FOR SALE.

Inquire of Wallace & Clark.

THAT IS SO. WHAT!

E. Elliott Cleans and Repairs Cloths better than any one in town. Why just look at these clothes of mine, they look as good as new. Just look in his shop and see for yourself. Bring along those faded garments and have them dyed and made equal to new clothes and save money.

E. ELLIOTT,
Opp. Fireman's Hall, Huron St.

SCIENCE HAS ACCOMPLISHED

No more wonderful of gratifying result than the perfection of an antidote to the calling signs of approaching age, something to obliterate the tell-tale tracks of time, and preserve the natural adornments of youth to ripe old age. Hall's Hair Renewer does all this, and its praise resounds in cottage and palace. The dwellers among the snows of Norway and the peasants of sunny France and Spain, find use for it, and find means to get it, and it does not disappoint them. The whitening locks again resume their youthful color, the thin, dry, and faded hair becomes bright and glossy. The whole appearance is changed as if by magic, and the man or woman, who, before was called aged, now appears as one in the prime of life. Such wondrous changes cannot pass unnoticed, and they have produced the unprecedented demand that now exists for the first and only article ever compounded to re-produce them in a pleasing and satisfactory manner.—New Era, Woodstock, Ill.

MRS. J. O. CHAPMAN.

Formerly Miss Emily Koizer, is now ready to do Dress Making or Plain Sewing. Residence 63 Pearl Street. 748m3

C. S. W. BALDWIN, Dentist.

Rooms over Post Office, Ypsilanti, Mich. Hours 8 to 12 A. M., and 1 to 5 P. M.

ADVANCE IN ART.

Mrs. J. H. Parsons having secured the services of Mr. G. W. Wood, is refitting her gallery with new instruments, backgrounds, etc. She desires the patronage of all those who wish satisfactory photographs. She now makes the finest pictures ever made in this city. Large work will be made a specialty, also Children's pictures. Call and see specimens. 729

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE

FOR GOOD WORK HORSES:
One Light Platform Wagon, one Concord Spring Buggy. PHILIP FERRIER & SON.

HOP YEAST.

A superior article of Hop Yeast can still be found at No. 25 Ellis street. 753 MRS. E. C. HAWKINS.

TAKE NOTICE.

That E. ELLIOTT is still on Huron St. and is prepared to Clean, Repair and dye Gentlemen's Clothing. Remember the place, Opp. Fireman's Hall. Residence of Cross St. west, near Catholic Church. 715

THAT "THAT GOOSE"

May wave long on Huron St. I respectfully invite my friends to pass not to the right or left, but bring their dress and business suits to me and I will cut and make them up neatly and with dispatch. 744-ly RICHARD MILLER, Ypsilanti.

W. WHITLEY.

Corner Cross and Huron Sts., is the place to get your tailoring, cutting, or making up to order done. Also repairing and cleaning. Satisfaction guaranteed. 714-755

FRANK SMITH.

Does not keep lumber wagons, but he has the other kinds, and Travelling Baskets, Bird Cages, and nearly everything else, at lowest prices. 746

THOSE FIVE CENT CIGARS

That took the premium at the World's Fair; that bring a man home early at night, and gets the hired girl up early in the morning are found only at Frank Smith's Emporium. 749

WATCH, CLOCK, AND JEWELRY

REPAIRER AND CLEANER.
Satisfaction guaranteed. At A. B. Haskin's bakery, at the Depot. JOHN BIDDLE. 729

Michigan Central Railroad.

TIME TABLE, MAY, 12th, 1877.

GOING EAST.

	Mail.	Day Express.	Kal. Accom.	Atlantic Express.	Night Express.
Chicago.....Lv.	8 30	9 00	4 00	5 15	9 00
Michigan City.....	9 25	11 10	6 35	7 40	11 35
New Buffalo.....	9 47	11 27	6 57	8 11	11 55
Niles.....	10 45	12 15	8 12	9 00	12 35
Kalamazoo.....	12 38	1 40	10 00	10 26	2 17
Battle Creek.....	1 27	2 13	11 08	11 08	3 15
Marshall.....	2 25	3 00	11 37	11 37	3 49
Albion.....	2 52	3 21	12 05	12 05	4 10
Jackson.....Ar.	4 00	4 40	12 45	12 45	4 50
Jackson.....Lv.	3 45	4 30	12 40	12 40	4 45
Dexter.....	5 01	5 47	1 00	1 00	5 50
Ann Arbor.....	5 20	5 50	1 10	1 10	6 08
Ypsilanti.....	5 55	6 25	1 25	1 25	6 28
Wayne Junction.....	6 02	6 45	1 32	1 32	6 35
G. T. Junction.....	6 33	6 15	8 25	8 25	7 45
Detroit.....Ar.	6 48	6 30	8 40	8 35	8 00

The Grand Rapids Express leaves Ypsilanti, going east, at 10:45 A. M.

GOING WEST.

	Mail.	Day Express.	Kal. Accom.	Atlantic Express.	Night Express.
Detroit.....Lv.	7 00	9 35	4 45	6 20	9 50
G. T. Junction.....					

YPSILANTI, SEPT. 28, 1878.

THE INCONSISTENCIES OF THE National-Labor-Greenback-Socialistic-Miscellaneous--Regenerative movement, of which citizens Butler and Kerney are shining lights, are too glaring even for that champion of popular rights, George Francis Train. Says Train, addressing Kerney:

"You attack 'lecherous bondholders,' and then choose one of the most officious of all orders as your white-feathered champion of Navarre. You call the lawyers the 'hell-hounds of the pack,' and then select the worst cur in the scum as your standard-bearer. Was not Butcher the Ames-Alley-Dillon, Credit Mobiliier attorney in the Pacific suits? Did he not ignominiously figure in the Jayve moiety swindle? Was he not the chief cook and bottle-washer of the fraudulent Sanborn contracts? You call the salary-grabbers 'cut-throats and minions of hell' and yet the member who forced that infamous bill through Congress, is your candidate for Governor!"

Train has been regarded as half-crazy for some years; but then it does not require a clear intellect to expose the endless imbecilities of the quackery epidemic by which Butler thinks he is going to retrieve his waning fortunes.

SECRETARY SHERMAN has taken a bold step toward specie resumption by ordering the redemption of legal tenders in standard silver dollars, after the 16th inst. After that date silver dollars will be received at the sub-treasuries for national currency, at collectors' offices for customs duties, and in payment for the new four per cent. bonds. Up to the date of the issue of this order the legal tender silver dollar was quoted as worth intrinsically about 88 cents, and of course nobody cared to exchange greenbacks worth 99 cents for them. But now that they can be used to buy bonds or pay duties, on a par value with gold, it is expected that they will be appreciated, and the small remaining premium on gold (only $\frac{1}{4}$ of a cent on Saturday) will be abolished. For all purposes except paying the interest and principle of the public debt, this order makes our three kinds of currency equal in value. It is folly to argue or prophesy what the result will be when we shall know so soon. Meanwhile, it is good to see the Secretary smiling and confident, and to hear him declare that he has gold enough in the Treasury to resume with on January 1st, and that he proposes to do it.

The Senate is lost for the next Congress and probably for the one succeeding that. The follies and blunders of the past four years have cost us so much. Deeply as we may lament this fact it stares us in the face. It can neither be explained away nor concealed. It is the grave feature of the political situation. It clothes the House of Representatives, always important, with additional significance and weight. It directs the struggle of the coming autumn to that centre. Our opponents perceive the crisis. They will bend every energy to secure representatives. Silence on our part will not mislead them. Here is the vital point in the canvass of 1878. If the Republicans can redeem the House they will gain an important position for the Presidential campaign of 1880. If the Democrats can retain their sway in the House with the majority which next March will bring them in the Senate, they will seize upon power which they have not before held since the war. They will be masters of legislation, for no President can maintain a struggle against both Houses of Congress organized against him.

For its effect upon legislation, for its bearing upon the future politics of the nation, the control of the next House should be the chief object of Republicans in the coming canvass. That is the centre of the field. If we win that we gain the substantial victory. If we lose that, nothing else can compensate for the loss. Directing all efforts to that end we will secure other desirable results.—*Utica Herald.*

The N. Y. *Tribune* has performed a real service to the country as well as a notable feat in journalism, by collecting in some unknown manner, translating, and publishing in connected order, a great battery of telegrams relating to the attempt to secure an electoral vote for Mr. Tilden in Oregon between the election in November, 1876, and the meeting of the electoral college. They include dispatches sent and received by Gov. Grover, of that State, Col. Pelton, — Mr. Tilden's nephew and Secretary — Messrs. Patrick and Kelly, who went to Oregon to "manage the affair, and others who had financial or "legal" connection with it. They make it entirely clear that an attempt was made to "purchase" one Republican elector, to act with the Democratic Cronin — to whom the Governor gave the certificate instead of the Republican elector who was said to be ineligible because he held, when voted for, the office of postmaster. The proposition was explicitly made by Patrick, and the sum asked for — \$8,000 — was deposited by Pelton "according to request," with the warning: "Understand not to be used unless they carry out arrangement, recognize Democratic elector and duly forward his vote to Vice President." There was, however, so much higgling by Col. Pelton, in order to make it "contingent on success in March," that the money did not reach Oregon until it was too late. The distinction between consummate and attempted "fraud," may be thick enough to excuse Mr. Potter's Committee from going into any crookedness on the part of those who failed; but it is too thin to save a shred of reputation for honesty which any of the parties to this Oregon business may have had before these disclosures were made.

The Hon. E. B. Martindale, a very strong speech recently at Richmond, Ind. Mr. Martindale thus summarized the history of the two great parties for the last fifteen years:

The Republicans said the blighted curse of American slavery should not be extended to free territories. The Democrats said it should. The Re-

publicans said the voice of the people should be respected in the selection of Abraham Lincoln, and that his election furnished no pretext for secession. The Democrats said it did. The Republicans said there was power given in the Constitution to maintain the Union. The Democrats said there was no such power given. The Republicans said under this general power States should be coerced. The Democrats said they should not. The Republicans said the slaves should be confiscated and enlisted into the Union army. The Democrats said they should not. The Republicans said the slaves should be emancipated. The Democrats said they should not. The Republicans said the war was not a failure. The Democrats said it was. The Republicans said the right of suffrage should be conferred upon the colored men who risked their lives to maintain the Union. The Democrats said it should not. The Republicans introduced and demanded the passage of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments. The Democrats resisted their passage, and passed resolutions nullifying them years after their adoption. On all these distinct national issues the parties were clearly divided and warring for fifteen years. They embrace the principal issues which divided the parties for fifteen years. Now, I ask you to-night, on how many of these were the Republicans in the wrong? On how many of them the Democrats in the right? I do not propose to fight these issues over again, and could find no one to join issue if I did. I refer to them for another purpose. The Democratic party were as sure they were right upon each one of these distinctive issues then as they are that they are right in the issues of 1878. We are as sure they are wrong now as we were that they were wrong then. While in these twenty years this country has been afflicted with fire and famine, with pestilence and contagion, yet the government has expended more in life and treasure during this time to keep the Democratic party from destroying the Union than it has lost from all other causes combined.

The Maine Election.

The loss of two Republican Members from Maine is certainly a deplorable misfortune for the Republican party. It is perfectly obvious that, as we need all our present strength and more too, the defeat of Republican representatives in what have been considered the party's strongholds is a very serious matter. Nevertheless, with a full consciousness of the extent of the Republican check in Maine, we can fairly claim that the Republicans' loss is more honorable, and in the long run, will be more profitable than the Democrats' gain, achieved as it was by a complete and utterly unprincipled surrender to the fiat-money fanatics. The Democratic platform in Maine was unsound on the financial question, in the first place, and this sign of weakness was followed by general fusion between the Greenbacks and Democrats in legislative contests, and in some of the Congressional districts, before the campaign ended.

The effect of the action of the Maine Democrats on the Democratic party of the country cannot fail to be most disastrous, if we consider the question from the hard-money point of view. In a word, the break in the Maine Democracy in favor of soft-money is the forerunner of the disintegration of the National Democratic party. The best portion, and the only respectable portion, of the Democratic party in the Eastern and Middle States, cannot and will not accept the new creed which fate is forcing upon them. Their only resource will be found in the Republican party, as we said the other day. Symptoms of this political re-adjustment were seen in Maine on Monday, and if Butler captures the Democratic Convention in Massachusetts, as he is likely to do, there will be seen a very large emigration of hard-money Democrats into the Republican camp. Then the conditions of the fight will be defined, and all believers in sound finance and all enemies of repudiation will know how to unite for the common good.

Why Such Prominence.

Senator Blaine showed his customary sagacity in reading the signs of the times, and displayed his usual boldness in meeting even a troublesome live issue, when he opened the campaign in Maine with this remark: "By common consent the currency question is the great question before the people." And Mr. Blaine has performed a great service to the country and to his party by accepting the issue and making a gallant fight for what President Hayes terms "an untarnished national credit and a sound constitutional currency."

The reason why the financial issue commands such prominence in the issues of the hour is very clear. It is because, as Mr. Blaine says, "it cannot be settled until it is settled right," and until it is settled right, all related and contingent questions must remain open. And while these remain unsettled there can be no general and permanent revival of business.

Financial uncertainty is the brake on the slow-moving wheels of industry — the worm at the root of the dropping plant of public confidence.

Real estate will have "no price" so long as investors can get even four per cent. on idle dollars that they are perfectly sure will be worth a hundred cents each, five, ten or forty years hence, while nobody can tell them what lands or houses will be worth. Manufacturers will not launch out nor trade extend its lines so long as the people are supplied with "dollars" having four valuations: The gold dollar, 100 3-8; the greenback dollar, 99 5-8; the trade dollar 90; the legal tender silver dollar, 88; with a popular clamor revived for an unlimited amount of new government notes, based on nothing more substantial than a nation's broken promise. Labor cannot receive its full enjoyment, or is liable to be subjected to the adjustable measuring stick of some unscrupulous demagogue.

The financial question is therefore paramount. It demands the thoughtful attention and the honest judgment of every good citizen, quite above and apart from political considerations. The time has come to end the demoralizing discussion and paralyzing un-

certainty by settling the currency question right. Let the popular will sustain Secretary Sherman in his purpose to make our greenbacks as good as gold, and silver as good as either. With speculation in coin at an end, and the reserve liberated, there will be so much good currency available that nobody outside of bankrupt courts or lunatic asylums will keep up the cry for more irredeemable money.

The Secretary says he can do this, and what is worse for the inflationists, is proving it. If the good sense and honor of the people express themselves in the elections in a manner to warn the next Congress to keep "hands off," the currency question will be a dead issue after January 1, and the important questions now in abeyance can come to the front, with an encouraging start in a new era of prosperity.

READ THIS.

A SHORT CATECHISM IN FINANCE AND POLITICS.

What is a government bond? Answer—A printed obligation of the government to pay a certain number of dollars with interest.

What is a greenback? A—A government note promising to pay the bearer one or more dollars without interest.

What is a dollar?—A United States government coin worth 100 cents.

If a man takes up his own note and gives a new note of his own making for the old note, is the debt thereby paid? A—It is not, the obligation is renewed, but not paid.

If the government takes up one form of its obligation and gives another for it, is the debt thereby paid? A—It is not, the obligation to pay is renewed in another form.

Can the government pay its bonds in greenbacks? A—It cannot, any more than a man can pay his own note by giving a new note for the old one.

If A. holds B's note drawing interest at six per cent. per annum and B. when called upon for payment should offer to pay his note to A. by giving him a new note drawing no interest, what would all honest men think of B. and his proposition? A—They would think that B. was either a fool or a knave, and his proposition the emanation of a weak minded or dishonest man.

A greenback being a government note promising to pay dollars, what gives it value? A—The general belief that the government will fulfill its promise.

Why is the greenback worth more now than during the late war of the rebellion? A—Because of the near approach of the time when the government will be able to pay in coin for all the greenbacks that will be presented for payment, after the first day of January 1879.

How much would it add to the value of a greenback if the government would receive them in payment of customs duties? A—Not more than from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ of a cent on a dollar at the most.

If during the late war, when greenbacks were worth thirty-five cents in gold coin, the government had passed a law making them receivable for customs duties, would that have made greenbacks worth as much as gold? A—It would not; such a law could have increased their value but a few cents on the dollar at most.

What will make greenbacks always worth as much as coin? A—Making them redeemable in coin on demand. Cannot it be done in any other manner? A—It cannot for any great length of time.

What is money? A—Coin. Has not the government the power to make money of paper by law and keep it equal with coin? A—It has no power to make money of paper, or to keep paper equal in value with coin unless it be exchangeable for coin.

Is not a greenback money? A—It is not money; it is a promise to pay money.

Is not a greenback just as good as coin if made a legal tender of all debts? A—It is not. There are other uses for money besides paying debts, and unless greenbacks are to be payable in coin they must necessarily be at a discount, greater or less, according to circumstances.

Is there enough paper currency in the country? A—There is.

How can we tell when there is too much paper currency in the country? A—When there is no coin in circulation it is an indication that there is too much paper afloat. When there is too much paper in circulation it becomes depreciated in value below coin, and the coin is hoarded.

Why did the government pass a law refusing to accept greenbacks and demanding payment of customs duties in coin? A—Because the government needed the coin to pay the interest on its bonds, and this was the simplest and easiest way to get it. And Congress during the war did not wish to place itself at the mercy of the gold gamblers every time its payments of interest were due.

Why not pay the interest on the government bonds in greenbacks? A—Because greenbacks are not money, and the government must in the end pay money for its obligations, both principal and interest. It cannot honestly forever refuse to pay its obligations and continue exchanging one obligation for another for all time.

If the national banking system was destroyed and the Government issued all the paper currency of the country, the amount being equal to that of its bonds issued since the commencement of the late civil war, what would be the result? A—The country would be flooded with depreciated paper, prices of everything would be unsettled, confidence and credit would be destroyed, fortunes would be made and lost on paper, all coin would be hoarded, and all shrewd business men would prepare for the final crash which would inevitably come sooner or later.

Why is not a greenback based on the resources of a nation the best paper currency in the world? A—Because it is based simply on the policy and will of political parties in Congress assembled, and in the event of the policy of Congress being controlled by those who once sought to destroy the country, the value of the greenback would be greatly imperiled, and might be destroyed, by adverse legislation.

Why have so many honest people

adopted the greenback or "National" scheme concerning national finances? A—Because they have not thoroughly examined the other side of the question.

What is the principal plank in the National Greenback Labor platform? A—Repudiation.

Take this away and what is left? A—Communism.

Who are the most conspicuous bright and shining lights in this party? A—Spoons F. Butler of the Atlantic coast, and Kommunist Kearney of the Pacific Coast.

For what are they chiefly noted? A—Demagoguism, office-seeking and ranting.

Which would be the least detrimental to the interests of the Government and civilized society, repudiation, communism, or highway robbery? A—Highway robbery, by far.

Is a majority of the National Greenback Labor party composed of dishonest men? A—No.

Why, then, are they training under such leaders, who are generally disreputable political weathercocks and tricksters? A—Because they jumped aboard the craft under a misapprehension of the facts.

How long will this long-named, conglomerate National Greenback Labor Communist party continue to exist? A—Until its true character is fully known.

Is it, then, a new party, as it is called? A—No; France had such a party nearly a century ago.

What was their national paper money founded on the property, the faith and the resources of the nation, and a full legal tender for all debts, finally won when the grand national monetary system collapsed? Answer, nothing.

Why so? Answer, because it was not redeemable in coin.

Who are some of the prominent statesmen and patriots of this country that favored a coin basis for currency circulating as money? A—Washington, Hamilton, Adams, Franklin, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Benton, Clay, Webster, Lincoln, Chase, Fessenden, Greeley, Sumner, Lovejoy, Grant, and a host of others living and dead.

Who are the leading advocates of a national monetary system with a paper currency to be used as money and not to be redeemed in coin on demand? Answer, M. M. Pomeroy, (Brick); Sam F. Crary, (political weathercock and one who perpetually hides the truth under a bushel); Peter Cooper, (respectable octogenarian in his second childhood); Ben. F. Butler, (spoons); Dennis Kearney, (communism); Moses Wenton Field, (bounty grabber); Wm. D. Kelley, (Pig Iron and Credit Mobiliier); and a few other ranting nobodies.

Whose opinions are worth the most, the statesmen beginning with Washington or the repudiation ignis beginning with Brick Pomeroy? Let the people answer.

THE BANK NOTES.

GEN. GARFIELD ON THE PROPOSITION TO SUBSTITUTE GREENBACKS THEREFOR.

From his Massillon Speech.

Fearing that even by the repeal of the resumption act they may not now be able to prevent the restoration of specie payments, the Ohio Democracy are determined to take such further steps as shall render resumption impossible. They demand the abolition of the national banks and the issue of \$324,000,000 of greenbacks, in place of the national bank notes to be destroyed. The objections to this are:

1. That it is a flat violation of the Constitution. Every Democratic member of the Supreme Court has declared that even our present issue of greenbacks is unconstitutional. The majority of that court defended them only as a war measure. No lawyer believes that the court will sustain an additional issue of greenbacks in time of peace. Gen. Ewing has virtually admitted this, for last winter he introduced a resolution which is now pending before Congress, so to amend the Constitution as to make the issue of Treasury notes lawful in the time of peace; yet the Democracy demand just this unconstitutional legislation.

2. The proposed substitution renders resumption impossible. As the law now stands, the Government must maintain \$346,000,000 of greenbacks at par with coin, and the Treasury is amply able to do it. The national banks are required to march abreast with the Government, and at their own expense keep their own notes at par. The Democracy propose to relieve the banks from this duty and throw the whole burden upon the Treasury and the people. By an additional issue of \$324,000,000 of greenbacks they make the Treasury responsible for maintaining \$670,000,000 of paper. Every intelligent man knows that the Treasury cannot keep so large a volume at par.

3. This substitution would entail grievous burdens upon the tax-payers of the country. As the law now stands the greenbacks are exempt from taxation. Poor men, who hold but few, gain little advantage from this exemption; but it is a well-known practice of our capitalists to put their surplus means into greenbacks for the day when the State assessment for taxation is made, and thus escape a large share of the public burdens. Both the stock and notes of national banks are subject to heavy taxation. The Government taxes their circulation and the States tax their stock and outstanding notes. From 1866 to 1876 inclusive, the States and the nation received \$157,000,000 of taxes from the national banks. The Democracy propose to abandon all this and create in its stead a privileged currency of \$224,000,000, which will be exempt from taxation.

4. If this attempt is successful it will result in the restoration of the wretched State bank system that prevailed before the war. No man of intelligence will pretend that the business of this country can be carried on without banking facilities. Statistics show that nearly 90 per cent. of our exchanges are carried on by means of bank checks, drafts and commercial bills, and only 10 per cent. by the actual use of money. For the uses of modern exchange the bank is as necessary as the railroad for transportation. Now we have a uniform system, open to all citizens, carefully guarded by

national legislation, which makes the bill-holder more secure than any banking system this country has ever known, and which greatly increases the security of depositors. The people must choose between this national system and the old State system, which, in other years, led the country to such fatal results. Who does not remember that the old State bank represented all varieties of condition and credit. They were solvent, suspended, closed, wound up, broken, as the wisdom or folly, the honesty or rascality of their manager dictated. Their notes had no uniformity of value, and nearly all of them, especially of the West and South, lost heavily in value when carried beyond the limits of the State in which they were issued. Examine a Bank Note Reporter for 1863, and consider the mass of trash that constituted the paper currency of the country. In only nine States of the Union did the law require the circulation to be secured by State bonds. From 1851 to 1863 there were eighty-nine failures of Illinois banks. Within that period the holders of Illinois currency lost \$3,000,000 by the failure and depreciation of the notes, besides the still greater loss to depositors and customers. Of thirty-six broken banks of Wisconsin during the same period only six redeemed their notes at so high a rate as 80 cents on the dollar. Even in 1860 the report of eighteen States showed that out of 1,231 banks, 147 were broken, 234 were closed, and 131 were nearly worthless.

5. A fatal objection to the substitution of greenbacks for national bank notes is this, that it makes a complete divorce between the business of the country and the volume of its circulating medium. Now, under free banking, the volume will increase or diminish according to the demands of business. Under the proposed system of issuing all our paper money directly from the Treasury, the volume must depend upon the uncertain caprice of Congress. There never was and never will be a legislature wise enough to fix by any arbitrary rule the proper volume of circulation. What would be sufficient for one month may be insufficient or too great for the next. The fickle and changing opinions of Congress are an unsafe basis on which to regulate the value of all the business transactions of the country. From the Thurman of to day on this question, I demand to the Thurman of March, 1874, when in the Senate he uttered these brave and earnest words:

Are we prepared to declare that under a government which our fathers meant, if they meant anything, should be a hard-money government, but which has drifted along way from their intention, do we now, against all the lights of experience the world over, mean to banish gold and silver from circulation in the country, for all time to come, and do the business of the country upon nothing but irredeemable paper, depending for its volume upon the will and caprice of the moment, or upon the views of the members of Congress seeking re-election or aspiring to higher place? I think not.

Finally, to make resumption doubly impossible the Ohio Democracy denounce that policy of the Government which provides for a coin reserve so as to maintain resumption, and they do this in the face of the fact that their last National Convention condemned the Republican party for not having provided a reserve of coin against the day of resumption. This talk in their platform and speeches about keeping paper and coin in equal circulation throughout the country is an insult to the intelligence of our people; for they propose to take away the only means by which the coin shall be supplied and by which the paper shall be kept at par.

Oratory vs. Journalism.

The press is a great equalizer. The adventitious advantages of rank and position, the glamour of manner and delivery and the personal presence, the graces and gifts of oratory, which give weight to the spoken word, disappear, and arguments and facts go for their true value. The purpose of oratory was to sway to immediate effect — to fuse the listening mass at a white heat to united instantaneous action. The press is like the mills of the gods — grinding slowly but exceedingly small. Its aim is the slow upbuilding of ideas and the gradual inculcation of principles, which after thought and discussion may bear fruit. The aim of the Greek orator was a direct result, which with a people so excitable and volatile was of frequent accomplishment. Carried away by the fiery outbursts of Demosthenes, they would declare war on the spot. "Let us go and fight Philip!" was the cry which rose and swelled as the deafening louds which followed one of his raudits periods died away. Had the same bitter invective and strenuous appeals appeared in print and been read, stripped of its magnetism of tone and gesture, the same men would have met each other at the bath or on the mart and said: "By the way, did you see that article of Demosthenes yesterday on Philip of Macedon?" "Yes." "Well, now, that was a pretty sharp editorial, wasn't it? If Philip don't mind what he's about I shouldn't be at all surprised if we had war one of these days."

Shakespeare, in his drama of Julius Caesar has given us an illustration of the power of oratory. The result of Mark Antony's oration, with its transparent theatrical effects and forensic trickery, is to transform the fickle Roman populace from the supporters of the man who slew Caesar to save their country's liberties to avengers of the fallen usurper. "We'll be avenged—seek—burn—kill—slay!" Let not a traitor live!"—rises in response to his insidious prompting from throats yet hoarse with vociferous applause of the deed of Brutus. Such an appeal in the columns of the press would have been read, admired, quoted, and talked over for one day, and the next morning would have seen its flimsy sophistries torn to shreds, and its real animus exposed in the light of calm reflection and hostile criticism. The distinguishing characteristic of oratory as a precursor of the press in the office of a creator or exponent of public opinion, was this appeal to the transient, unreflective impulse of the moment, its con-

The Microphone.

[Courtesy (Mass.) American.]

By the lawrence of Agent Fallon, of the Pacific Mills, who is quite an enthusiast in scientific matters, we spent a delightful hour a few days since in experiments with the latest marvel of discovery, the microphone, a little instrument which becomes to the ear what the microscope is to the eye. This is a discovery of Prof. Hughes, of Great Britain, who while experimenting with a telephone, found a new element, through which he has succeeded in perfecting an instrument by which sound is magnified or increased, and conveyed by wire in a wonderful manner. The microphone of Mr. Fallon imported from England, is a simple little affair; a thin piece of deal, perhaps five inches by three, insulated by means of four bits of rubber, one at each corner, on which it rests: to this is attached a small ordinary battery; a small piece of pure carbon is fastened with a bit of wire to the board, and another piece of carbon like an inch and a half pipe-stem is pivoted near the centre from little supporters, one end resting upon the piece strapped to the board; the wires by which the sounds are to be conveyed are attached to each corner of the board, and connected by other wires with the carbon vibrator and the battery; the carbon, highly charged as it is with mercury, possesses the power not only of conductivity and of reproducing sound, but of vastly increasing its power, and as the microscope reveals to the eye of man the most insignificant of nature's works, so does the microphone disclose to our hearing otherwise inaudible sound.

Mr. Fallon has connected with his microphone some 600 feet of wire, and in the room at the other end an ordinary Bell telephone attachment. During the experiments which we made with the assistance of Mr. Ridoout a watch was placed upon the instrument, and through the nearly one-eighth of a mile of wire came to the ear not only the separate ticking, resounding like the heavy beating of a marine or tower clock, but we could clearly detect the whirr of the minute wheels, the buzz and friction of the delicate machinery of the watch. Then the watch was removed, and the gentlest sweep of the down of a feather, brushed as lightly as possible across the board, reached the ear magnified to sound like the coarse grating of a file or the scraping of a heavy brush. Then a small wire cage containing two common house flies, was placed on the instrument, and to the listening ear, 600 feet away, distinctly came the soft and irregular patter of the tiny feet, as the flies walked over the board, and as they flew from one side of their cage to the other, the sound as they struck against the fine wire was heard with a sharp metallic ring, altogether like that of the hammer of the boiler-maker as he rivets the bolts in the iron cylinder. We were somewhat skeptical in relation to the last experiment, it seemed so much beyond credence, and the wires were detached, the annunciator fastened to the instrument with only a few feet of wire, and we sat down in front of the little wonder, and with our eyes made certain that there was no possibility of deceit as to the source of the marvelous sounds to which we listened; but there was no difference, the footfalls of the fly came with no seeming greater distinctness than when transmitted through 600 feet of wire, and we see no reason why miles may not be added with the same result. Conversation in the room where the instrument was located, without the intervention of a mouth-piece, as in the telephone, was distinctly heard at the other end of the wire.

Land and Water Sports in the Orkneys.

There are no Polar bears to shoot in Orkney, any more than there are snakes to scow in Iceland, but tourists who know the use of rod or gun may have plenty of sport. The islands are the paradise of all varieties of sea-fowl and of water-fowl, whose favorite haunts are the bounding little lochs and marsh-lands. The sea-fowl include the cormorant, puffin, little auk, and several kinds of divers, gulls, and gulls. Among the fresh-water fowl there are teal, coots, sheldrakes, widgeons, mallards, garganeys, grebes, and wild ducks. Fowling can thus be actively prosecuted both on land and water, on salt water and fresh. On a fine day with a breeze brisk enough to fill the boat's sail, nothing is more delightful than a fowling excursion over miles of the "in-sea," now dipping into sandy bays, now skirting rocky inlets, and anon bounding across the fresh swelling waves of forths and sounds. The commotion that the report of a gun causes among a colony of sea-fowl, whitening the ledges of a wall of cliffs, is about as striking and lively a spectacle as can well be imagined. The pursuit of rock-pigeons often leads the fowler to parts of the island coasts abounding in romantic natural arches and caves. In their rapid movements, when darting alarmed out of the entrances of the caves they frequent, the rock-pigeons exhibit the perfection of grace. To the eye of the fowler, coasting along in his boat, there is not now presented, as in former years, the startling spectacle of the egg-gatherer sustained by a rope while following his "dreadful trade" on the shelly face of perpendicular cliffs.—*London Society.*

When an artist climbs over a fence to get a nearer view of a handsome bull-dog, he must take the chances of his sketching the dog, or the dog's catching him.—*Puck.*

